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IMAGINARY EVILS.

BY G. M.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow,
Leave things of the future to fate;
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?
Life's troubles come never too late.
If to hope over much be an error,
'Tis one that the wise have preferred,
And how oft have hearts been in terror
Of evils that never occurred.

Have faith—and thy faith will sustain thee
Permit not suspicion and care
With invisible hands to embrace thee,
But bear what God gives thee to bear.
By this spirit supported and gladdened;
Be ne'er by "forebodings" deterred;
Just think how oft hearts have been saddened,
By fear of what never occurred.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
Short and dark as our life may appear,
We can make still shorter by sorrow—
Still shorter by folly and fear.
Half our troubles are our own invention,
And often from blessings conferred;
Yet we shrink in wild apprehension
From evils that never occurred.

Thorns and Blossoms

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BLACK VEIL," "HER MOTHER'S CRIME," "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

"BECAUSE of the mystery," replied Mrs. Carstone. "If all were as it should be why need your marriage have been performed so privately? I do not say there is anything wrong; but I do think appearances are so much against you that those who have the truest interest in you should make inquiries, and see that all is right."

"No one is interested in me," said Violet, "except my aunt Alice; and she is far away."

"I beg your pardon," rejoined Mrs. Carstone, "we are all interested in you—my husband, my son, and myself. We are your true friends; we would do anything to serve you. My husband was most indignant when he heard what an imposition had been practiced upon you. If you will give him authority, he will sift the matter for you, and will give himself just as much trouble as if you were his own daughter."

"You are very kind," said Violet proudly; "but I need no assistance; I have my husband. Nothing will ever shake my faith in him."

"Let me find Mr. Carstone, and then he can advise you," said Mrs. Carstone. "We have talked about you all this morning. I assure you that our only anxiety is to serve you."

"I am grateful to you. My husband will serve me. No, you need not send for either Mr. Carstone or your son. I was startled when you spoke to me at first; I have recovered from my surprise now. My trust is in my husband. I feel sure the whole story is a mistake—a case of mistaken identity, I should think."

"I am afraid you will not find it so."

"I shall go to my husband at once," continued Violet, heedless of the interruption. "I have never heard him speak one false word. I will repeat to him all that you have told me, and ask him to let me know the truth. He will not deceive me." She was hastening away, when she turned suddenly to Mrs. Carstone. "Whatever happens," she added, "I must thank you. You have done what you thought kind and wise. You mean to befriend me, but I am sure there is a mistake." She raised her head with the proud gesture of an insulted queen. "I shall come back to tell you what nonsense it is. I do not know whether my husband will laugh or be angry at the idea of being mistaken for an English nobleman."

As she crossed the grounds and re-entered the hotel, she laughed contemptuously at the idea.

He who loved her so, who worshipped her who had tried so hard to win her—he to have deceived her!

It was absurd!

She had an hour to wait before Lord Ryvers came in, and, as she sat watching from the window of her room, she thought of all that had happened.

At the end of that time her faith was so far shaken that she felt it would be a pleasure to hear his denial.

Suddenly she saw him coming.

She hastened to meet him.

"Come straight to my room, Randolph!" she cried eagerly. "I have something to say to you—something a thousand times more important than life or death to me."

Then husband and wife stood face to face with the great question of their lives at issue between them.

* * * * * *

Lord Ryvers wondered at his wife's strange haste and excited manner; she was pale trembling, and agitated.

When they had entered her room, she closed the door carefully behind her, and then stood against it.

He held out his arms as though he wished to embrace her.

She repelled him by a proud gesture that startled him.

"You must not touch me!" she cried. "I have something to ask you which is more important to me than life or death. Tell me," she continued, with eager flashing eyes, "was my marriage with you perfectly legal and in accordance with all the forms necessary?"

"Most certainly it was," he answered quickly.

"I did not doubt it!" she exclaimed. "Always remember that I did not doubt it. Others have done so; I did not. That doubt and myself would never have lived one minute. You have answered me one question; answer another. Are you Randolph Randolph, an artist, painting for your daily bread, or are you Lord Ryvers of Ryverswell, a noble and wealthy baron? Answer me."

But he was so startled that he shrank a few paces from her; his face, usually so bright and debonair, grew white and lowering, his eyes filled with an angry light.

"Why do you speak to me in this fashion? What do you mean?" he said.

"That is no answer to my question," she replied. "Are you an artist or a nobleman?"

Her eyes were fixed intently on him.

They seemed to hold him so that he could not look away from her.

"I am both," he said, drawing a deep breath.

"You are Lord Ryvers?"

"I am Lord Ryvers, my darling; but I am your true lover and true husband in spite of that."

"Then it is true!" she cried, wringing her hands with a gesture of despair. "It is true—and I swore it was false! If you have deceived me in one thing, you have doubtless deceived me in more."

"I have not deceived you, Violet darling. Do not look so horrified. There is nothing the matter. I merely suppressed the truth. I told no lie."

"I see no difference," she declared. "If you would do one thing, you would do another."

"Be reasonable, Violet. I have done you no harm," he said gently.

"You have done me harm; you have deceived me. If I had known you were Lord Ryvers, I would not have married you. You have made me false to the habit and training and teaching of my whole life; you have made me false to every instinct of my own heart; you have married me by fraud. I shall leave you; I will not remain with you."

She looked so beautiful in her indignation that he only loved her the more.

"You have married me by fraud," she repeated—"you who professed to be the most honorable, the most loyal of men!"

"Will you listen to reason Violet?" he asked.

"There is no reason in it," she replied, growing more angry as she saw him grow more pained.

"You speak as though I had injured you, Violet," he said.

"You have done so. You have injured me in a way I shall never forget. You have taken from me my own self-esteem; you have made me false to all my thoughts ideas, and instincts; you have placed me in a false position; you have exposed me to almost unbearable insult and comment. Do you know what those who know your secret are saying?"

"How should I know?"

"I will tell you," she cried, with a burning blush that rose even to the roots of her golden hair. "I am ashamed to repeat the words, but I was compelled to listen to them. I, the girl you affected to worship, have been exposed to insult; I have had to listen when those who know of your disguise wondered whether my marriage were legal or not. Do you think I shall ever forget that disguise or recover from it?"

His face grew perfectly white, and a look such as she had never seen upon it before spread over it.

It was deeper than pride, more bitter than contempt; it was more of outraged dignity than anger; it was the expression of a man mortally wounded.

"Who has spoken so?" he asked.

"Those who found out your disguise," she replied.

"Who are they, Violet?" asked Lord Ryvers.

And she told him the whole story as it had been related to her. He listened attentively.

"My old schoolfellow Forest-Hay!" he said. "A stone thrown by the hand of a friend cuts doubly sharp. Why did he not come to me? Could he possibly imagine that there was anything in common between such people as the Carstones and me?"

"Such people as the Carstones do not marry under false names," she retorted. "Of what use is a title to a man who is not a gentleman?"

"Do you mean that I am not a gentleman Violet?" he asked.

"Not in my eyes—and you never will be again," she replied angrily. "You have deceived me and subjected me to insult; you have placed me in an utterly false position. I repeat that no gentleman would behave in such a manner to the girl he loved."

"I have not consciously or willingly exposed you to insult," he said slowly. "The suspicions you have named would arise only in coarse minds. One word from me will disperse all these foolish doubts as the wind disperses vapor. Violet, believe me, they are not worth resenting. It is only people like the Carstones who would think of such a thing."

"Your own friend evidently had his ideas on the subject," said Violet proudly, "or he would not have gone away."

"My friend is a—— Well, it is useless to blame him. I wish that he had spoken to me instead of to Mr. Carstone. You seem very angry, Violet, even more that I feared you would be when you learned who I really am."

"I am so angry," she cried, "that from this time all is over between us! I consented to be the wife of an artist, of a man equal to myself in position, who would have to work for his living, and to whom I could be a helpmate. I never consented to be the wife of a rich nobleman—nor will I. My feeling on the matter is so strong that I would rather die!"

"My darling, do not say such cruel words."

"I mean them," she declared. "You seem to forget that from my very cradle I have been taught to hate and despise the class to which you belong. See how right my aunt was, after all, in teaching me that people of your position are *not* to be trusted! You are an aristocrat. What have you done? Deceived a very ignorant girl, taken advantage of inexperience and innocence?"

"Violet," said Lord Ryvers gently, "do you not know that all class of hatred is wrong? It is utterly impossible for all men to be equal; as long as the world stands there must be different grades of society."

"I acknowledge no such thing," she replied. "I never disguised my sentiments from you, and you ought to have respected them."

"Violet," he said with a gentle patience she would have admired in any one else—"Violet darling, listen to me. I was your faithful lover from the happy day in June when I first met you, dear, until the day in September when you became my wife. Was it not so?"

"Yes," she answered.

"During that time, when, my darling, for your sweet sake I gave up the whole world when my life was but one dream of you, did you see anything wrong in me, anything to condemn?"

Almost reluctantly she answered—

"No."

"Did you find me untruthful, unfaithful, light of purpose, light of love, mean, ungenerous, false, wanting in courage? Think before you answer."

And again she said—

"No."

"I thank you," he replied. "We have been married rather more than a year. During that period have you seen anything in me to dislike, to despise or contemn?"

"No," she replied, "I have not—honestly I have not."

"Until to-day I had your love and respect?"

"Yes," she then admitted, "you had both."

"To-day you find out that I am a nobleman, and not an artist, and you withdraw all that you have given me, and intend to leave me. I am the same man I was yesterday—my moral and mental qualities have not changed in the least; yet, because I have more money than you thought, you talk of leaving me. Is it just?"

"You are not just," she replied. "It is because you have deceived me. That is the thing I can never forgive."

Still he lost none of his patience.

"I loved you, Violet," he said. "The moment my eyes fell upon your face you became the one woman in the wide world for me. I lost sight of everything else. I saw you darling—only you."

But Violet listened unmoved.

He had deceived her, and she was one of those who never forgave an act of deceit.

"I loved you so much," he said, "that to have lost you would have been worse than death. Death is the end of all pain; life with an unhappy love is all torture. When I thought that I might fail in winning you, I could not work, or eat, or sleep, or rest. Oh, Violet, believe me, darling, that no man has ever loved a woman as I love you!"

"Still you deceived me," she reiterated, in a cold clear tone.

"Answer me just one question, Violet," he said pleadingly. "If you had known that I was what I most unfortunately am, Lord Ryvers of Ryverswell, would you have married me?"

"No," she answered quickly; "you know that I would not have married you."

"Then you do not love me so very much, Violet, after all," he said sadly—"not half so much as I love you. Oh, my darling, I thought I had all your heart!"

Some wives would have relented at once; but Violet's beautiful face grew colder and harder.

Her heart was not touched in the least; her pride was aroused and all in arms.

She could think but of one thing—he had deceived her.

There could be no extenuation of that fact.

"Violet," he cried despairingly, "I did not think a young girl could be so cruel. I know women of the world often are; they enjoy the misery and torture of men; some of them walk through life over the bleeding hearts of men. One expects cruelty from such; but you, fresh of heart as you are fair of face—one could not expect cruelty from you."

"I am not cruel; I am only just," she replied.

"Then may Heaven preserve me from such justice!" he cried. "If I had injured you, if I had brought you to poverty or to worse, if I had offered to you a tarnished name you could not have been more angry."

"The chances are I should not have cared so much," she replied.

"But, my darling, this must not be," he said earnestly; "you must forgive me. You cannot be so cruel as to punish me my whole life long for one act of deception that was practiced solely and entirely for the sake of winning you."

"You could never be the same to me again," she replied coldly. "I could never like you as much as I did."

"I will not believe you," said Lord Ryvers. "You cannot change in one day from a loving gentle-hearted girl into a cold heartless woman."

"I am only taking example by you!" she cried angrily. "In one day you have changed from an honest artist to a dishonest nobleman! Am I worse than you?"

CHAPTER XIX.

LORD RYVERS went up to his wife. She was standing with her hands clasped; he took them gently in his own. She would have resisted, but in any struggle, however slight, she would have had little chance.

So now she merely turned away her face.

In spite of his sorrow and dismay, he smiled.

It was so exactly the action of a froward wilful child.

"You will not let me look into your face, Violet?" he said. "Come with me. You need not stand like a sentinel at the door. Come and let me talk to you."

He took her to the great bay-window, where they could see the grand sweep of water and the blue sky above it.

Perhaps he thought the golden sunshine and the song of the birds might soften her heart; but they did not.

"Violet," he said, "will you forgive me? This is my only sin against you, and it was committed solely for love of you. You see there could have been no other motive. Will you forgive me?"

She raised to his a face white as snow, cold as ice, frozen.

"I have told you," she said, "that you can never be the same to me again."

"But will you forgive me?" he persisted. "I am sorry now. If the time were to come over again, I would not do it. I see now that it would have been much better had I told you the truth and left my fate in your hands; but it did not seem so to me then. Violet, my darling wife, will you forgive me?"

"I may forgive you," she said; "but you will never be the same to me again—never. I have lost my faith in you; it will never return."

"How cold you are to me, my wife! Still I love you the more. I know that most girls would be overwhelmed with delight at finding themselves mistress of Ryverswell. I bow to the nobility of character that passes all such advantages by. I love you better, angry, indignant, and scornful as you are, than if you had cried out for joy. But do not let this part us. We have a long life, I hope, before us. Forgive me."

Still there was no softening in the violet eyes, and the mouth grew more firm.

She was thinking to herself how he must have laughed at her when she had been anxious concerning money, when she had called him to account for lavishing valuable presents on her. The thought of it brought a flush to her face and made her eyes flash angrily.

"You must have found me very easy to deceive."

"Oh, Violet," he cried, "you stab me to the heart, my dear! Let me tell you a little story.

"I had a schoolfellow—true he was many years older than I—but as a little lad often loves a big one I loved him. His name was Charlie Archester, and he was heir to the Earldom of Atherleigh.

"He succeeded to it before I left school. He fell in love with one of the most beautiful girls of the day, Lady Maud Trever, and they were married. He worshipped her; but soon after their marriage he found out that she had never cared for him, that she had loved a penniless young captain in the Army, and had married Lord Atherleigh for his money.

"He was a gentle, sensitive, loving-hearted man, and it broke his heart, Violet; he could not recover from it.

"He tried to take his place in the world, he tried hard to live for other things, but it was impossible; and, when he was dying, he sent for me to say good-bye, he had always been so fond of me.

"The doctors had given some long Latin name to his disease, and they said he was dying of it; but he was not. His ailment was a broken heart.

"He told me so—me, his little schoolfellow, the little lad he loved—when I went to see him.

"I was just eighteen years of age then, and it made a great impression upon me. I remember the expression on his face, the pain in his eyes, the pitiful voice; I remember the room, and the sunlight that came through the window and fell upon the floor.

"He called me to him; his hands were so thin and white.

"He took mine in his.

"'Randolph,' he said, 'my little schoolfellow, I am going to die, and I have sent for the little lad I loved so well to whisper one word of warning in his ear.'

"He drew my face down to his.

"'You will be a rich man some day, Randolph; mind what I say to you. Let no woman marry you for your money. Marry some one who loves you for yourself alone. To be married for money or rank, without love, is to be cursed. My life has been cursed; guard yours.'

"I never forgot the words, Violet—I never shall; and from that moment I made up my mind, even if I never married at all, I would wait until I met some one who cared for me alone.

"Listen to me, Violet. Women misjudge men because some poet has chosen to write—

> "'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
> 'Tis woman's whole existence.'

Every one believes that to be true; I say it is not true.

"Love is quite as much to a man as to a woman, often more; but men say perhaps less about it.

"Look at my friend!

"He died because the woman he loved did not love him.

"You must not think that all the fret and the fever and the passion of love lies with women; it does not. Listen to me Violet. You will not turn your face towards me. How can you be so cold to me when I love you so well? I began my life with this idea fixed in my mind, that I must be loved and married for myself alone. I went a great deal into society.

"It is true I was only a youth; but I understood why people flattered me, why mother's courted me for their daughters. I will not say more; I have a chivalrous love for all women, and I cannot bear to speak even against the worldly ones. It is enough to say that it was my wealth and title that were the attraction, and not myself; perhaps with one or two it may have been different.

"People said, but I never believed them, that Gwendoline Marr would have married me even if I had been penniless. I cannot say; she was not to my taste."

Slowly enough the fair head turned, and the beautiful face was raised to his. There was a faint gleam of interest in the violet eyes.

"Who was Gwendoline Marr?" Violet asked.

"Gwendoline Marr is a wealthy heiress, the daughter of Lord Marr of Marsland, and considered to be the most perfectly beautiful brunette in England."

"Why did you not marry her?"

"Because, my darling, I loved and married you. Gwendoline Marr is nothing to me; I have never cared but for one woman in my life.

"Now listen to me, Violet. I began life, as I have told you, with this determination—not to lose my one chance of happiness, but to wait until I found some one to love me for myself.

"I found there was very little of love in my own circle.

"My eldest sister, a calm serene woman with a beautiful face, was going to marry the Earl of Lester; and, during all the time I heard my mother discuss that marriage, I never once heard the word 'love.'

"She talked of settlements, of diamonds, of dress, of anything and everything but love.

"I determined then that, whatever else might be missing at my marriage, love at least should be there.

"I can safely say, Violet, that my heart was never touched even ever so faintly by any of the beautiful or graceful girls I met in society.

"I liked Gwendoline Marr—she was a great friend of my sister's—and my mother liked her.

"As for love, my heart and soul were sleeping when I met you. I had always been very much attached to my favorite art—painting.

"I must tell you also that, having been so many years under my mother's influence and training, I perhaps stood a little more in awe of her than most young men do of their mothers.

"I told her the one great desire of my heart, which was before I entered on my life-long duties as heir to a large fortune and estate, to spend one year in a sketching tour, to go where I liked without any ceremony, to stay wherever picturesque scenery attracted me, to have, in fact, a complete and perfect holiday.

"My mother did not like the idea at all; she declared that she had a foreboding that it would result in good; but my sister, the Countess of Lester, persuaded her to accede to my request.

"Was it fate that brought me to St. Byno's to find that my wife was waiting for me there?

"I had no thought at first of deceiving you, as you chose to term it, Violet. True, I thought to myself that I would woo you and win you as a poor man. Then you told me about your strange training, how your aunt had inculcated in you a hatred of the aristocracy.

"I used to wonder when I heard those beautiful lips uttering such words. It was then I sinned against you, if sin it can be called.

"Would to Heaven there were no worse! When I asked you one day if you would marry an aristocrat, you answered, 'No;' you would rather die.

"Then what was I to do? I could not endure the thought. I knew your ideas were all nonsense, the result of foolish and mistaken training.

"So I made up my mind that there would be no great harm in my keeping the secret of my position from you.

"I thought as you grew older and wiser, as you saw more of the word, you would change your views for other's more just. In that I sinned against you; in no other way.

"Since we have been married I have frequently longed to tell you the truth; but you have been bitter in your prejudices. See even how you have liked these Carstones and glorified them because they are 'self-made'!

"Now do you think, after all, that I have acted so badly?"

"My opinion of what you have done," she said, "remains unchanged."

"Then you are a cold-hearted cruel woman, Violet!" he cried. "How can you be so fair and so cold? I humble myself. I acknowledge that I ought to have told you the truth. I did wrong, yet it seemed to me right at the time. That wrong I ask you to forgive me."

He looked so handsome, so imploring, that most women would have been glad to forgive him then and there.

A world of love shone in his face; his eyes were filled with a tender light.

Perhaps he pleaded too much; perhaps, if he had seemed a little less anxious, his proud beautiful wife would have yielded. As it was, in proportion as he grew more desperate she hardened her heart against him.

"Violet," said Lord Ryvers, "you make me no answer. I will not believe that any woman can be so cruel as to refuse to forgive a sin—if you call it a sin—committed entirely for love of her."

"I have told you that I forgive it; but nothing can ever be the same between us again—nothing."

"That is fancy, and a very cruel fancy," he replied. "Why, Violet, how unlike you are to other girls! Most of them would be well pleased to be Lady Ryvers of Ryverswell."

She flushed crimson at the words.

"That is not my name," she cried angrily. "I am Mrs. Randolph."

"You are not Mrs. Randolph," he said, with a smile. "You are the young, beautiful, and beloved Lady Ryvers of Ryverswell."

But he could have used no words so fatal to his cause as those.

"If you have anything more to say," cried Violet, "if you wish me to listen, do not call me by that name again. It is hateful to me."

"Hateful! Yet I have given it to you. Oh, Violet, be more just, be less cruel!"

"You cheated me into taking it," she replied. "If any one lives who treats all titles with contempt, it is I. You think so very much of a title; it is but an empty word."

"Nay," he interrupted, "it brings honor with it."

"I do not think so. The title of a king did not save Charles from the scaffold; the title of queen did not save Marie-Antoinette's head from the block. A title does not make man honest, loyal, or true; on the contrary, it is often a license for a bad life."

"You are too bitter, Violet," he said. "Where can a girl so young and fair as you have formed those ideas? It seems incredible to me."

"They are mine, and I cherish them; they are part of myself. I would not be called Lady Ryvers for anything in the wide world."

"You are very hard and bitter in your prejudices," he said; and, as he looked at her, so cold, so proud, he wondered if he had been mistaken in his estimate of her character, if she were less gentle, less amiable, less loving of heart than he had thought. "I do not know my wife," he went on sorrowfully. "This beautiful woman who will not let me hold her in my arms, who turns her head from me and will not let the light of her eyes fall on me, is not my bright loving Violet; this proud cold woman whose lips will not utter one loving word of forgiveness is not surely the girl I learnt to love in the woods of St. Byno's! Oh, Violet, speak to me!"

"I do not recognize my husband either," she said; "I married an honest artist."

"And you find an equally honest nobleman," he rejoined.

"I loved the artist; I do not love the nobleman," she declared hastily.

"I must submit to the inevitable," he said. "I wooed and won you as an artist; now I must begin to woo you in my true character—and I have some hope that I shall win. Violet, promise me one thing—that you will not leave me."

"I shall never again be happy with you," she said slowly. "I would rather, much rather, go back to my aunt Alice at St. Byno's."

"It would be of no use," he remarked. "I should follow you; and I should pitch my camp in the garden there, and not go away until I had won you a second time. Oh, beautiful Violet, do you not see that Heaven has made you for me?"

"Heaven did not make you for me," she rejoined. "To think that I, who have been proud of my position all my life, should be degraded into a fine lady!"

He smiled at her words; he could not help it.

"If it were not so pitiful, it would be most amusing," he said. "Come, give me that one promise, Violet; I can bear anything else. Tell me that you will not leave me."

"I cannot decide; I must think. I wish to do right, but I have been cruelly deceived. I must look at what my life with you will be like before I tell you if I can bear it. My own opinion is that I cannot. Tell me, now that your secret is discoverrd what do you intend doing?"

"I meant to tell you," he said. "I knew that I must tell you before I took you home. I have deferred the evil day, hoping always that you would grow less bitter in your views."

"And I have not done so," put in Violet coldly. "So that I am indebted to strangers for the information as to who my husband really is."

"Unfortunately so," he said, finding that it was quite impossible to soothe her, and that contradiction only made matters worse. "I formed my plans from the first hour we were married, and I should like to adhere to them. I thought of writing to my mother and sisters, tell them of my marriage, and asking them to Ryverswell to meet us. I thought, if you were willing, we would go quietly to Ryverswell, and remain there for some time. It will be a new world for you, and you will want some time to study it."

He winced under the clear scornful gaze of his wife's proud eyes.

"Have you told neither mother or sisters anything of your marriage?" she asked.

"No, not one word," he replied.

"The sooner it is done the better," she said.

His face brightened.

This seemed something like a concession.

"I will write this very day," he said quickly.

"Even then it will be a year too late," remarked Violet.

She would not give him the least advantage.

"Then none of your relatives or friends knows anything of your marriage or of me?" she added. "I may safely understand that?"

"Yes; but they shall soon all know you," he declared. "I shall be very proud—"

"Never mind she interrupted; 'I shall not be proud. Of course they will all hate me. I am poor, I am nobody, and you are a wealthy baron. You have done about the worst thing you could do for yourself in marrying me."

"I have crowned my whole life with happiness, and I have made you my queen," he said.

It was hard work to resist him; but Violet was proud, and she had a little more than her natural share of obstinacy.

"Have you thought," she asked, "what your mother and sisters will think of me?"

"No, I have thought of nothing but you," he replied; "I have not had room in my heart for any one else."

"Tell me all about them," she said more gently. "I suppose they are quite as prejudiced in their way as I am in mine?"

"Yes, I think so. Not all, though—not Lady Lester. She is not prejudiced. She is one of those grand, serene, calm women who have no prejudices.

"Tell me all about them," she said; and this time she did not shrink so vehemently from his caressing hand.

"I will begin with my mother," he said; "and I will sketch really faithful portraits for you. My mother," he continued, "is essentially a proud, dignified, stately woman. The one great pride of her life is that she was born an Alton—the Altons, I may tell you, are one of the very oldest families in England."

He saw the delicate brows contract with a frown.

Still she must hear.

"In my mother, Violet," he continued, "are concentrated all the prides you most dislike—pride of race, of birth, of name. She is tall, with a stately figure, and she moves with dignified grace; there is a certain grandeur about her. She thinks much of appearances and of the world; she rejoices in splendor, and knows nothing of the dark side of life; she has a grand condescending fashion of dealing with her inferiors; she was a most excellent wife; she has been a most devoted mother. You will find her still a beautiful woman, although she is no longer young. Do you like the sketch, Violet?" he asked anxiously.

"I am afraid," said she, "that in everything she is antagonistic to myself. Tell me where she lives, and all about her."

"She has lived principally at Ryverswell," he went on. "Ryverswell is the home of our race. My father died when I was quite young, and I was for many years what is called a minor; my mother was a kind of queen-regent. She lived at the Castle—Ryverswell is a castle; and she managed everything, all the estates, and their revenues. She has a wonderful talent for government and administration. She has an estate of her own, called Alton Hall, and during the last year she has lived almost entirely there. My mother is one of those who go to Court regularly. She would not miss a Drawing-room on any consideration, and she is, I believe, a great favorite with the Queen."

Again the delicate brows were daintily arched.

Lord Ryvers did not pause to chide, but hastened on.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Most Romantic.

BY JOHN FROST.

SHE was certainly a lovely girl, such as any man might well be proud of knowing; at least so seemed to think her companion, Cecil Gray, for he gazed and loved—and loving, gazed again.

"Cecil," she murmured, "Cecil, it seems strange, nay, almost impossible, that you should love me, poor Grace Gardner, a lonely orphan, without friends or fortune, and more than all, your sister's governess."

The manly face beside her flushed with a loving look as he replied:

"Strange, my darling, it may be, but not one whit the less true, that I love you with an intensity that shall outlive every evil or ill that a cold and unsympathetic world can possibly pour upon us.

"For you, my dearest, I can glory in relinquishing every wish and ambition of my life—home, friends, and fortune—and willingly commence to labor for the daily bread that your love and presence shall turn into veritable manna."

"Oh, Cecil," she exclaimed, "it seems so terribly selfish to allow you to give up so much for me!

"And who knows, you may some day regret so great a sacrifice?

"Nay, rather let me go away, and try to find peace away from you; happiness were impossible."

"Darling Gracie," he exclaimed, in alarm, "for my sake never mention such an idea again!

"What pleasure do you suppose all the riches of earth could afford me, unless I had you to share them?"

"Then, dear Cecil, I will say no more, only to beseech you to press me no more to—to——"

"To marry me?" he asked, laughingly.

"Yes," she replied, blushing, "until you have avowed to Colonel and Mrs. Gray your preference for my humble self.

"Who can tell what might follow?

"Mrs. Gray has been kind and considerate to me during the short time I have been here.

"Perhaps they may not despise my dependent position, and consenting to our union, all may be bright and joyous."

"I will do as you wish, love," he replied, fondly, "though I have little hope of success, for you do not know her as well as I do.

"But if I fail, darling, will you promise to face poverty at once with me and become my bride?

"I have a hundred a year—left me by an aunt—which my parents cannot touch or interfere with.

"This will keep us from want until I can meet with employment.

"Say, Gracie darling, shall it be so? You do not fear poverty with me?"

"Fear!" she exclaimed. "I fear nothing with you."

He would have been less than a lover had he not fervently pressed those rosy lips to his own in true-lover fashion.

* * * * * *

It was the afternoon of the next day, while Grace Gardner was giving a music lesson to her affectionate and pretty little pupil (Cecil Gray's only sister), that the school-room door was thrown open in an ominous manner, and Mrs. Gray—tall and stately, with robes fashionable and flowing—walked into the room.

One glance at her haughty and angry countenance told Grace her errand.

She send little Mabel away to her nurse, and then, turning to the governess, said:

"And now, Miss Gardner, I have to request that you will find it convenient to leave this house this afternoon."

"Scarcely this afternoon," replied Grace, quickly.

"It is now too late to reach my friends to-day.

"To-morrow morning I shall have no objection to comply with your request."

"Intolerable—your insolence is intolerable!" exclaimed the lady, walking angrily up and down the room.

"I tell you, you shall go at once! You do not sleep another night under this roof!"

"May I be allowed to inquire the cause of so sudden and urgent a dismissal?" asked Grace, in the same quiet tone.

"Ask!" said Mrs. Gray, scornfully. "Your conscience must tell you well enough!

"Here, you have not been in the house two months, and you have laid away your snares so cleverly that you have succeeded in entrapping my only son.

"And so skilfully and slily have you played your part, that I had not a suspicion of what was going on until that bewitched youth, fascinated with your doll's face, has dared to ask our consent to his marriage with you—you, who may be the daughter of a costermonger for all we know! This comes of taking girls on a lady's recommendation, instead of applying to those who have previously engaged them!

"I shall take care to let Lady Powis know what kind of a protegee she has recommended!"

Grace's face flushed as she replied, with dignity:

"Truly, madame, you might have stated your cause of complaint in gentler terms. Since you confess yourself ignorant of my parentage, does it not occur to you that I am as likely to prove the daughter of a duke as of a costermonger, in which case, I presume, you would consider your son honored by an alliance with me?"

"The daughther of a duke indeed! You are nothing but a hardy adventuress; and let me tell you, miss, never presume to see my son again!

"Should he dare to continue to address you, in defiance of his lawful guardians, he will be disinherited; and as it is the money and not the man you want, I have no fear as to what course you will pursue with regard to him!"

So saying, she swept from the room. Grace then wrote a short note as follows—

"DEAR CECIL,

"Your suspicions were correct. I am turned from your mother's house because I have dared to love and be loved by you.

"It were better for us to part now, though I can scarcely bring myself to write such dreadful words. Let me at least see you once more to say farewell. I shall stay until to-morrow at Mrs. Jones' cottage in the village. "Yours,

"GRACE."

She then left the same address with Mrs. Gray's maid, in order that her boxes might be sent to her; and wrapping a dark cloak around her, and donning a lace hat, she set out for Mrs. Jones's, who was an old woman, to whom she had given money and kind words during her short residence in Lindon; not, however, before she had stolen silently and unobserved to a sequestered part of the grounds and carefully laid her note to Cecil Gray in a hole beneath a large stone, which hole—to judge by the careful manner in which it was made and arranged—had already been the receptacle of similar messages.

It was a glorious evening towards the close of July when, in a handsome room in a fashionable hotel of the Lake district, Cecil Gray sat alone with his beauteous bride.

The evening sunset was lightning up lakes, mountains, and woods with silent beauty.

Grace had been busy writing, but her letter was finished, and as she raised her lovely head she exclaimed:

"Oh, Cecil, how perfectly enchanting this sunset is!

"My darling, your love is to me what the setting sun is to nature: it fills me with a bright, rosy happiness, which changes my whole being, and makes it as bright as the setting sun makes yon lovely landscape!"

"Heaven bless you for saying so, darling wife!

"Nothing on earth could add to the beauty of my beloved's face, that is already perfect!"

She blushed in silent happiness, and for awhile they watched the glowing scene with a joy too deep for words.

Presently he said, playfully:

"And whom has my dear wife been writing to?"

"To Lady Powis," she replied, promptly, "though I must ask you in this one instance to excuse me from showing you the letter. Lady Powis is an old friend of my dear dead mother, and to her I owe more than words can express.

"She is immensely rich and very influential, and it was entirely my own fault that I took an engagement as governess instead of remaining with her.

"I have now written to inform her of my marriage, and it is just possible that she may be able and willing to find you some suitable appointment."

"You dear, kind, thoughtful wife! I cannot say, but I hope she may for your sake; for I fear, love, that unless something turns up, I shall have to forego the pleasure of seeing my darling attired in such costly raiment as this, and this," he replied, touching almost reverently her rich black silk dress and the beautiful lace she wore around wrists and neck.

"That would never grieve me," said she, lightly. "I shall be happy in serge as in satin, if dear Cecil only loves me."

"However, before we make up our minds to poverty, let us wait and see what Lady Powis has to say."

The return post brought a letter from Lady Powis, congratulating her dear Gracie upon the happy marriage she had formed; and then went on to invite the young couple to come to her on a visit as soon as their honeymoon was ended; wishing, however, that they would come on the morning of the first of August, as on the evening of that day she was to give a grand ball—the last of the season—in honor of the return of her niece, Lady Gertrude Gordon, from a three months' visit to a cousin in Germany.

"There now!" said Gracie, clapping her pretty hands.

"But you must order a ball-dress, my love," said Cecil; "my pearl must be set in as fine gold as any other at this ball."

"Oh, leave that to me, dear," said she. "Only you must promise me not to fall in love with Lady Gertrude."

"Is she very pretty, then?"

"You shall tell me if you think her so when you see her," said Grace, laughing.

The morning of the first arrived, and found Cecil and his bride with Lady Powis by noon.

Grace was received with a loving welcome by her friend, who said that Lady Gertrude was resting for the evening, until when she would not appear.

There was to be a plain dinner before the ball, at which two old friends were to dine en famille.

The ladies were to dine in their ball-dresses to escape the fatigue and hurry of a second dressing.

When Grace appeared attired for the evening Cecil could not but marvel both at her wondrous beauty and the graceful splendor of her apparel.

She wore a dress of white satin, trimmed with real Honiton lace and bunches of clematis and lilies-of-the-valley; but more than that there glittered on her neck and arms diamonds and pearls of great value.

"See," she said, approaching him, "these are Lady Powis's bridal gifts—are they not lovely?"

"Lovely indeed," said Cecil, intoxicated with her beauty; "but not half so beautiful as my darling wife, who is, I feel sure, to be the belle of the ball to-night," and he pressed her fair form warmly to his manly breast.

Proudly he gave her his arm and descended to the drawing-room.

Mrs. Gray's heart had beaten with proud triumph when she received the invitation to the ball, and above all to dine en famille with Lady Powis previously, for her social position scarcely entitled her to such an honor.

She was aghast with amazement when she saw her son entering the room, bearing on his arm the "hardy adventuress."

But her humiliation was truly pitiful when Lady Powis, taking the hand of the lovely and smiling bride, led her to them, saying:

"Mrs. and Colonel Gray, allow me to present to you one who, until lately, was my dearly loved niece, Lady Gertrude Gordon, but who is now the wife of your son, and consequently your daughter-in-law."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Cecil, "what mystery is this?"

Grace, or rather Lady Gertrude, broke into a merry peal of silvery laughter.

"Now," said she, gleefully, "this denouement is simply charming; have I not played my part well? and has not dear auntie kept my secret and carried out my plans excellently?

"This is, I am sure, a most romantic marriage, and I believe will be as happy as romantic," said she, turning fondly to her husband.

"But, my darling," said he, with painful embarrassment, "I cannot understand this at all. Have pity and explain."

"I think I had better do that," said Lady Powis, gracefully.

"My niece, like myself, is of a romantic disposition.

"She was the belle of the season, and her beauty and wealth brought her many admirers; but she refused them all. She told me often that she longed to be loved for herself alone, and not for her wealth and title.

"You," said she, turning to Colonel and Mrs. Gray, "had but just returned with your son here from a long residence abroad when we saw you at a concert.

"Gertrude saw you then for the first time," continued she, addressing Cecil, "and on returning home she remarked, 'Auntie, if I ever marry it must be such a man as that.'

"The next day came Mrs. Gray's letter, asking me, as an old acquaintance, if I could recommend her a governess. Suddenly Gertrude declared her intention of playing the part and accepting the engagement.

"'Now, auntie,' said she, 'I will see if there is a man in the world who can love Gertrude Gordon for herself alone.' It was stipulated that she should never be invited into the drawing-room, to prevent her recognition by any who had seen her in her own character. How far her plan has succeeded is seen by the fact that she is now Mrs. Cecil Gray."

"Yes," said Gertrude, turning to her mother-in-law. "It happened that Cecil and I met the first day of my residence with you, while I was walking out with Mabel; after that we met every evening under the elm-tree. The pleasure of those happy hours made joyous the duties and restraints of my new position, which would otherwise have proved irksome." Then approaching Mrs. Gray—who was weeping tears of shame and mortification—said, sweetly, "Pardon, dear madame, the deception I practiced upon you; and in a mother's anxiety for the welfare of her son I can cheerfully excuse your apparent harshness to me. I have no mother; let me find one now."

The haughty lady bowed her head murmuring:

"You overpower me with your goodness; I am not worthy of it."

Gertrude kissed her affectionately, and then passing to the Colonel, said:

"I see I need not plead here for a father's kiss."

"Good Heavens! no. I'd no idea there was such a beauty in my house, or I should have taken the young gentleman's part, and let him marry you, governess or no governess;" and he took her in his arms and saluted her heartily.

She then approached her husband with a timidity new to her, saying:

"And Cecil—can he too forgive my deception?"

He bent forward, and raised her jeweled hand to his lips, saying:

"Forgive! My darling, what have I to forgive?

"Rather, what have I done to deserve such love, such goodness?

"With the devotion of my life will I repay your generous love, my darling, my wife!"

The ball was a splendid affair, and the lovely bride far outshone all the beautiful girls present.

Great was the surprise that the belle of the season should have suddenly gone abroad, to return with a young and handsame husband.

But though gossip was busy for awhile, the affair remained a mystery and was soon forgotten.

To a very few indeed was it ever known that the lovely wife of Cecil Gray was ever his sister's governess.

Bric-a-Brac.

PARLIAMENTARY REPRIMAND.—In the reign of George II., Mr. Crowle, a counsel of some eminence, was summoned to the bar of the British House of Commons to receive, on his knees, a reprimand from the Speaker. As he rose from the ground, with the utmost nonchalance he took out his handkerchief, and wiping his knees, coolly observed "that it was the dirtiest house he had ever been in in his life."

BEAUTIFUL HAIR.—The Countess of Suffolk had married Mr. Howard, and they were both so poor that they took a resolution of going to Hanover, before the death of Queen Anne, in order to pay their court to the future royal family. Such was their poverty that, having some friends to dinner and being disappointed of a full remittance, the countess was forced to sell her hair to furnish the entertainment.

HOW THEY DRESSED.—In the history of John Newcbomlee, a wealthy draper of Newbury in the days of Queen Elizabeth, we find the following description of a bridal ceremony:—"The bride being attired in a gown of sheep's russet, and a kertle of fine worsted, her head attired with a billiment of gold, and her hair, as yellow as gold, hung down beside her, she was led to church between two boys with bride-laces and rosemary tied about their silken sleeves."

CHINESE CUSTOM.—When a Chinese Emperor dies, the intelligence is announced by dispatches to the several provinces, written with blue ink, the mourning color. All persons of rank are requested to take red silk ornaments from their caps, with the ball or button of rank; all subjects of China, without exception, are called upon to forbear shaving their heads for one hundred days, within which period none may marry, play on musical instruments, or perform any sacrifice.

LOVE-BROKERS.—Marriage-brokers are quite important business men in Genoa. They have pocket-books filled with the names of the marriageable girls of the different classes, with notes of their figures, personal attractions, fortunes, &c. These brokers go about endeavoring to arrange connections; and when they succeed, they get a commission of two or three per cent., upon the portion. Marriage at Genoa is quite a matter of calculation, generally settled by the parents or relations, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another; and it is only when everything is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony, that the future husband is introduced to his intended partner for life. Should he find fault with her manners or appearance, he may break off the match on condition of defraying the brokerage and any other expenses incurred.

GERMAN SUPERSTITIONS.—A large proportion of the Bavarian peasantry unfortunately entertain the superstitious notion that fire kindled by lightning is not to be extinguished. When such an accident happens they are discouraged, and do hardly anything to check the progress of the flames. A funeral must never pass through a tilled field, not even in winter. The peasant is fully persuaded that a field through which a funeral has passed becomes barren. Except on extraordinary occasions, no funerals are allowed on Mondays and Fridays. A peasant who is in search of a wife never goes, except on a Thursday or Sunday, into the house where he expects to make his choice. The bride and bridegroom are not to give their bare hand to anybody on the day of their marriage except to each other at the altar, otherwise they are threatened with poverty during the whole course of their union. It is also a very bad sign if, when the bride returns from church, she finds anybody on the threshold of her door.

A LADY-FREEMASON.—There is a story current in regard to a lady who, a number of years ago, was made a Freemason in England under very peculiar circumstances she having overheard so much of the work that it was thought best by those who discovered her hidden near the lodge to initiate her in order to close her mouth. The London "Freemason" is authority for stating that another lady has been admitted to the mysteries. The following is the story: "Countess Hadich has been received as a Freemason in a Hungarian lodge under the grand Orient of Hungary. The Countess is a highly-educated lady, and having studied and become well versed in Masonic literature, she was regularly proposed and seconded in an open lodge, balloted for, and in due time was duly initiated. The Grand Orient of Hungary, however, declare that the initiation is null and void, on the ground that a woman is disqualified from being a Freemason; and the curious question now arises whether, as the Countess was actually initiated, she can be refused admission to her lodge."

BY THE FIRE.

BY A. T. H.

She sat and mused by the drift-wood fire,
As the leaping flames flashed higher and higher,
And the phantoms of youth, as fair and bright,
Grew for her gaze in the ruddy light;
The blossoms she gathered in life's young days
Wreathed and waved in the flickering blaze;
And she laughed through a sunny mist of tears,
That rose at the dream of her April years;
And ever and aye the sudden rain
Plashed on the glittering window-pane.

Sobered and saddened the pictures that showed
As the drift-wood's light to a ruddier glowed,
And the fancied flowers of older time
Passed with the steadied step of their prime;
The daisies and snowdrops blossomed and died,
Red roses and lilies stood side by side,
While richer, and fuller, and deeper grew
The lines of the pictures August drew;
And ever and aye the falling rain
Streamed thick and fast on the window-pane.

The drift-wood died down into feathery ash,
Where faintly and fitfully shone the flash;
Slowly and sadly her pulses beat,
And soft was the fall, as of vanished feet;
And lush and green, as from guardian grave,
She saw the grass of the valley wave;
And like echoes in ruins seemed to sigh,
The "wet west wind" that went wandering by,
And caught the sweep of the sullen rain,
And dashed it against the window-pane.

TWICE MARRIED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM,"

ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.—[CONTINUED.]

LAURA looked at Winifred, whom she had established in their home as a dear sister, and then turned to the clergyman.

"Leave her to me," said Mr. Thornton, who understood her look; "I will take care of her, and bring her to you presently."

Paul de St. Hilaire took the cold hand of his overtasked sister, and tenderly drew her away from that most bitter of sights to a loving woman, the establishment of a rival in the arms and heart of the beloved one.

"My sister, you will live to thank God for this," he whispered, as he placed her in the carriage. "There are bright and happy years yet in store for you, my noble, peerless Laura."

He closed the door on her, and returned to the warder's room till Mr. Thornton and Winifred appeared.

He knew that the greatest boon to an overtasked spirit was solitude—freedom even from the loving eyes of the most tender of friends.

The two strangely-connected women returned home together, but Paul and Mr. Thornton walked away in another direction.

There was much to arrange and do for the benefit of the gentle, helpless ones under their charge, and they were well able to fulfil their trust.

It was late when they parted, and Paul's last words were:

"Then, Mr. Thornton, you will leave town to-night?"

"Yes," I am free from next Sunday," replied the clergyman; and in the course of a week I shall have made every possible search that I can at present devise. If successful, we must renew our efforts elsewhere."

"And before you return the trial will be over," said Paul; "I dread it for my poor Laura even more than Winifred. She yields less to suffering, and it therefore affects her more dangerously; but we must hope for better things."

"Hope in God, my dear count, who has all hearts in His keeping," was the reply; "your sister, if I read her aright, is one of those high-minded women whose love would survive everything but the unworthiness of its object.

"It was an ideal she worshipped, and not the real. When the shock has once passed away she will recover her former equilibrium.

"Winifred, poor child, will not, in my opinion, either suffer or love long. Pardon my asking the question, but how does Lucy—the countess, I mean—bear up under the blow?"

"Lucy's own feelings are always so swallowed up in those of others, that she lives in those she loves, and her mother's state engrosses her every thought just now,' replied Paul, proudly.

"Lady Lloyd is terribly prostrated in mind and body, and Sir William is so much occupied on his unhappy son's behalf, that she depends wholly on her daughter. It is strange that one so selfishly guilty should be the object of such devotion to three such women as my wife and sister, and poor little Winifred."

"A devotion that must have its reward," said Mr. Thornton, briefly. "Good-bye, my dear count; you shall soon hear from me."

"Good-bye, and may success attend you!" was the fervent reply. And the new but true, friends parted.

CHAPTER XLVI.

IT was the morning of the trial of Evan Lloyd, and the court was densely crowded to hear so unusual and extraordinary a case.

Many rumors had got abroad which added to the romance and interest which naturally attached to the imputed crime of one so distinguished in birth and station from the ordinary rank of criminals, and the breathless attention with which the preliminary and ordinary proceedings was regarded, was actually solemn in its impressive novelty.

The appearance of the handsome, though careworn young man, his proud and noble bearing, the rumors of his recent marriage, all tended to soften the hearts of the gentler sex, and the more lenient of his own; and if public opinion and good wishes could avail, he had a very fair chance of escaping from condemnation.

The usual forms were gone through; the question, "Guilty, or Not Guilty?" clearly responded to by, "Not Guilty, my Lord;" and then the counsel for the Crown rose to open the case.

"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury," he began, in a grave, almost sorrowful tone, that told wonderfully against the prisoner, from its evident regret at his position, "I have a most painful duty to perform, and it is no mere conventional jargon when I say that it has never fallen to my lot during a long professional life to be concerned in a more truly distressing case.

"The prisoner's age, social rank, and other peculiar circumstances, which cannot be entered into without violating the sacredness of private life in an unnecessary manner, render his most humiliating position and the dreadful charge against him even more to be deplored than in ordinary cases.

"The counts against the prisoner are two; for the wilful murder of Henry Allnutt, on the 6th day of November, 18—, and also on the same evening for wilfully and maliciously firing and destroying the flax-mill, then occupied by him.

"But as it appears that the large amount paid by the insurance company on behalf of the policy effected, has been since repaid, and as they decline to press the charge, that count will be dropped, and merely brought forward as collateral evidence against the prisoner, and tending to prove his knowledge of, and endeavor to cover his crime. The facts of the case are briefly these:

"The unhappy deceased and the prisoner had been to college together, and, as I understand, constant friends and companions.

"From the evidence which will be brought before you, it will appear but too clearly that some peculiar transactions had taken place between the young men at the University, which established some especial and not very creditable link between them.

"That after that period, and at a subsequent date, they met at different times, and in different places, and that there was on these occasions important and secret business as the motive of these interviews; and also that the prisoner had exerted himself to procure for the unhappy deceased a situation out of the country, in one of our colonies.

"So far as can be ascertained, the deceased young man came to Llanover (the residence of the prisoner) to make some fresh stipulations, or retract some of his previous engagements, for a quarrel took place, unobserved, and unknown, as they supposed, which terminated in the violent death of the deceased, and, as is but too certain, by the hand of the prisoner at the bar—Evan Lloyd.

"And with a terrible, but too natural a downward step in crime, the next guilty impulse was, no doubt, to conceal one deed by another, and the mill was fired to destroy the last trace of his guilt, and for the time with success.

"By some contrivance unexplained at present, the berth in the ship, and the post as tutor which had been secured for the murdered man at Cape Town, were then filled up by some other person assuming his name and credentials, and the death was, therefore, for a long period absolutely unknown.

"But Justice, if slow, is seldom altogether distanced by its victim, and by a combination of singular circumstances the murder has come to light, and too surely, I fear, the guilty author of the deed is now standing before you.

"I will not seek in any measure to aggravate the crime, nor to deepen your feelings of horror and indignation against the criminal.

"I will content myself with entreating your dispassionate and impartial consideration of the evidence I am about to bring before you, without regard to any adventitious circumstances of position or age, or social ties, which should always be ignored when a question of such terrible import is considered.

"The prisoner has, I understand, trusted entirely to the justice and wisdom of an English jury, and declined to employ counsel on his own behalf.

"I endorse his confidence, and I hope the investigation may end in a very different result from what I anticipate. I will now proceed to call the witnesses for the prosecution."

The first-called name was one that brought an angry flush to Evan Lloyd's pale cheek.

It was Hugh Evans.

There was a haggard, leaden look on the man's features, that had added years to his apparent age, since the day when he stood with Winifred in the church of St. Stephen, only a few weeks before; and the very expression had changed, or rather, perhaps, deepened from a determined, self-possessed, stern look to one of dogged, sullen gloom.

Evan looked at him as he advanced, with a scornful, indignant, unflinching gaze, but Hugh avoided his eyes, and only raised his own from the ground when the oath was administered to him.

Then he fixed his eyes on the counsel, with a determined, unflinching look, that dissipated in a great measure the unfavorable impression made by his previous manner.

And the peculiarity then ascribed to an evil motive, was now supposed to rise from a natural reluctance to criminate his old master by the evidence he would be compelled to give.

It appeared from the statements of the overlooker, given in a firm, clear manner, which made an obvious impression on the jury, that on the afternoon of the 6th of November, 18—, he had been engaged with the prisoner, his former master, up to about four o'clock, when Mr. Evan left the mill, for the purpose of dining at his father's house, The Grange.

Hugh remained a few minutes longer in the building, and then proceeded to pay a visit to a neighbor at a farm a short distance from the mill, where he stayed about a half hour.

On returning towards his own house, he distinctly heard the sound of angry voices, and distinguished the tones of his then master, though he was not near enough to hear the words or see the figures in the obscurity of the fog.

As Hugh was leaving the spot, however, he was struck by the sound of a dull, heavy splash in the water.

But as it was not uncommon for the village to amuse themselves by fording the stream, in preference to using the mill-bridge, he attached little importance to the circumstance.

Some hours later a fire of singular virulence and suddenness broke out at the mill, entirely destroying the building, and banishing every trace of the previous occurrence from his mind.

He subsequently left the place, and from that time forward we will give his narrative in his own words:

"It was not many months after, on returning to Llanover, that I accidentally met a lady, whose errand there was to make inquiries as to the fate of her cousin, who had disappeared about the time of the fire, and who was supposed to have sailed for Cape Town soon after.

Miss Pearce had discovered, however, that it was false, and that some strange mystery hung over his sudden change of plans, which she was determined to fathom.

"Some circumstances connected with Mr. Evan's former life, which had come to my knowledge, gave me some suspicions as to his share in the strange business, and I acted upon them, as soon as it was at all possible.

"I made arrangements for rebuilding the mill, and took care to be the first to be present at the excavations, where I strongly suspected some trace of the unhappy gentleman would be found. And I was correct.

"A human body was buried in the ruins, which Miss Pearce at once proved, from various evidences, to be that of her cousin, Mr. Henry Allnutt.

"I believe—nay, I can swear, that no such person was in the mill previous to the fire, so long as I, and the workmen under me, were there."

Hugh was severely cross-examined by one of the jurors, who appeared somewhat prejudiced against him, but nothing shook his testimony.

The only suspicious part of the evidence was his refusal to state the source from which his capital was derived for rebuilding and reopening the mill.

But the judge supported him in declining to answer the question.

The next witness called was Matilda Pearce, and a murmur of eager interest and admiration arose as she appeared in the witness-box.

She was dressed in mourning; her tall, graceful figure well displayed by its heavy folds, her beautiful features flushed by agitation, and her brilliant eyes sparkling with excitement.

In spite of these signs of agitation, there was a graceful, yet modest, dignity in her bearing which prepossessed the more refined in her favor, as much as her beauty had won on the less discerning and fastidious.

The counsel also addressed her in kind and respectful tones.

"May I trouble you to tell me, Miss Pearce, by what signs you distinguished Mr. Allnutt's—your cousin's—body, at so great a distance of time after his death?"

Matilda visibly shuddered, but she was too proud to display her feelings before a crowd, and she replied distinctly, though in a low tone:

"My cousin had a locket round his neck, given to him by myself some years before, and letters and papers in one of the pockets of his coat, which I know to be his; and besides, there was a peculiar mark on his left arm—the shape of a horse-shoe, which could not be mistaken."

"And this mark was found on the body. It must have been in singular preservation," observed the juror who had spoken before.

"So it was," replied Miss Pearce, quietly. "It appeared to have been completely sealed from the air, and bore little trace of violence. The fire had not touched it from the position in which it was placed, in a sort of cellar below ground."

Evan has listened attentively to the evidence of Matilda Pearce, and his face grew very white, but he declined asking her any questions; and the lady was about to leave the court, when she was suddenly recalled by the judge.

"Will you inform the court, Miss Pearce, how you ascertained that your cousin had not left this country?"

"My suspicions were aroused, my lord, by the failure of replies to a letter of importance addressed to him, which led to a correspondence with his patron, Colonel Willmott, and to the despatch of a photograph of the person residing with him, which at once proved to me there was some foul play, as it was the likeness of a stranger."

The judge made a note of the reply, and then the lady was finally dismissed from the witness-box.

The next witness was a most unwilling one—no other than the old groom who had found Black Bess in so singular a condition on the morning after the fire, and who was with some difficulty compelled to confess that the animal would have allowed no one but Mr. Evan or himself to come near and saddle her, and that his young master's spur and whip lay on the floor of the stable when he opened it on the morning in question.

The poor old domestic unconsciously gave additional force to his evidence against his young master by the extreme reluctance he evinced in giving it, and there were ominous looks and shakes of the head exchanged as he left the box.

To this worthy old retainer succeeded a very different witness, and Evan's brow contracted into a heavy frown, and his lip was quivering with anger and contempt far more than fear as the oath was administered.

In that dark, saturnine, scowling face, and heavy, gaunt figure, he instantly recognized the morose, discontented, dangerous weaver of Llanover Mill, Jonas Harper.

He knew then that some of the most vindictive evidence that could be imagined would now be given against him.

But Evan's resolution had been long taken, and his strong mind was prepared for the worst which might await him.

The emotion quickly passed, and he turned calmly towards the witness-box with quiet attention.

Jonas evidently avoided those keen, searching eyes, and in spite of his sullen doggedness, there were more traces of nervous restlessness in his demeanor than in that of the prisoner.

"Do you remember the night of the sixth of November?" was the preliminary question.

"I do," replied Jonas.

"Where were you on that night?"

"I had been having a glass with a neighbor, and returned about eleven o'clock by the mill, when I heard horses' feet, which, at that unusual hour, attracted my attention, and I stooped down behind the hedge to see who it could be.

"The moon had come out, and I could perceive all the objects clear enough.

"It was Mr. Evan Lloyd, and as I couldn't make out what could bring him there at that hour, I thought I'd watch him.

"I soon saw him jump from the horse, prowl about with a torch that he lighted from a fusee box, and his face white and haggard, when he seemed to have found what he was looking for.

"I could see that plainly enough, though I was near enough to tell what he was stooping over.

"Presently he seemed to push some great weight before him into a place that we used to keep some of the bales in.

"I heard a fall, and then he looked down again for a minute, and put the torch quite low like.

"Then he went a little bit off, and I could tell by the light of the torch that he was going about the mill and out-buildings all stealthy, like a thief more than the master.

"Presently he came back, then he threw away the torch, looked down again for a minute or two, and watched the light as it burnt on the ground, and then he turned away quite quick, jumped on the horse like a highwayman galloping for his life, so quick, and gave it such a whip and spur.

"I waited a bit, and then I went to look, but I could see nothing, for the clouds came over the moon just then, and I went home to my cottage hard by, and to my bed.

"But I had hardly gone to sleep when there was a tremendous cry of 'Fire!' and by the time I got to the place the mill was all in a blaze.

"Well, I had my own notions about all this, and next morning I went to look about the ruins, and there, sure enough, was Mr. Evan's fusee box, and his heavy life-preserver, all dirty and bent like, and a mouldy wet handkerchief with his mark on it, all in different parts of the ruins."

"And did you not inform any one of this?"

"Yes; I went to Sir William Lloyd, Mr. Evan's father, and the old gentleman was dreadfully upset.

"I agreed not to peach on his son if he would make up to me for the loss of work.

"And no more I would; but when the body was found, and I got to know other things that made me think matters were worse than mere burning down the mill for the money, I let those that wanted me know that I had another could tell something about it."

A few other questions concluded this witness's examination, and then came a pause before the next witness appeared in answer to the name of Francis Morris.

It was a young man who appeared in the box.

In his dress, manner, and general as-post as was decidedly superior to Harper, or even Evans.

But his face was very pale, and the nervous twitchings of his mouth and shaking hand, when he took the sacred Book, betrayed extreme agitation.

Still, his youth, and the fragility of his form, might account for his unusual timidity and weakness.

"Where were you on the sixth of November?" was the first question, as in previous cases.

"I was living with my aunt, who kept Mr. Evans' house at Llanover Mill," he replied.

"Do you remember anything particular on that day?"

"I do."

"State boldly what you have to communicate, and fear nothing," said the judge, seeing that the lad hesitated.

There was a cough and clearing of the throat in a corner of the crowded court, and the young man looked suddenly round.

Something seemed to attract his attention for the color came quickly to his pale cheek and then he turned eagerly round to the counsel, and began to speak rapidly, and in a low, monotonous tone.

"I was in the wood, looking after some squirrels for amusement, when a strange gentleman asked me where Mr. Evan Lloyd lived; and then, when I had told him, he asked if any one of the name of Herbert lived thereabout, and some more curious questions, which I answered as well as I could.

"But I thought there was something strange in the wind, so I followed him a bit.

"First I heard him speak to some one in the wood, and then there was a scuffle, sobs, and a scream; and then I heard Miss Winny Herbert's voice, and Mr. Thornton the parson.

"I thought they would find me out, and be angry, so I got away, and was just going to cross the mill stream, when I heard some more voices, and I got quite close to the bridge, and I heard Mr. Evan and the strange gentleman at high words, though I cannot take it on me to say exactly what they said.

"It seemed Mr. Evan was very angry that the other gentleman had come at all, and swore he would be revenged on him if he did something—I don't know what—that he had promised not to do.

"And then at last Mr. Evan swore a terrible oath, and then I heard a blow, and something fell into the stream.

"I heard a deep groan; and Mr. Evan went off like a shot.

"It was so dark and foggy, I was afraid to go into the river to see what it was, and I thought the best thing I could do was to hold my tongue, except to my aunt, and a cousin of mine, who was stopping with us.

"As soon as it was at all moonlight my cousin and I went to see if we could find out what had become of the stranger, but there was nothing to be seen but some broken earth on the bank a little way down and some footmarks a little further on.

"So we thought he had got out, and gone away.

"Then the fire came soon after, and put it all out of our heads.

"The next day the parson had the river dragged, but nobody was there, and I never said any more about it till Mr. Harper found me out, in a situation I have in London, and told me of the murder being suspected. That is all I know."

"And where is your cousin?" asked the counsel.

"Gone to New Zealand; he was only come for a day or so, to bid us good-bye, when all this happened."

A few more questions were put, and satisfactorily answered by the witness.

He was dismissed, and the case for the prosecution closed.

Then, amidst breathless silence, Evan Lloyd was called on for his defence.

He stood for a moment, pale and calm, his large full eyes fixed on the ground, as if considering his reply.

He then raised his face, and spoke in a distinct but low, grave tone.

"My lord, and gentleman of the jury," he began, "I pleaded 'Not Guilty' to the charges of murder and arson brought against me, and I did so from my inmost conscience.

"And yet I freely confess I was the involuntary cause of the calamities to life and property sworn to by the witness.

"The deceased, Henry Allnutt, and I were college friends.

"He got into heavy debts, and was tempted to forge his uncle's name to a note of hand, and was only saved from a criminal prosecution by my furnishing him with the money when the note came due.

"This gave me power over him, and I used it unsparingly.

"Among other things, I induced him to perform the ceremony of a private and, as I then thought, illegal marriage between me and a young lady, whose name need not be dragged in here.

"But he threatened to expose me, and save her, as he thought, from misery and disgrace.

"Even after consenting to go abroad to a situation I had procured for him at Cape Town, he made his appearance at Llanover on the day mentioned by the witnesses, for the express purpose of revealing all to the young lady's family, if I refused to acknowledge the marriage myself.

"There were strong reasons why I should not do so at that time—indeed my whole plans and prospects would have been ruined by it—and, maddened by his persistence and reproachful taunts, I was carried on by the excitement of the moment to strike him a sudden and unexpected blow.

"To my horror he fell over into the stream, and, from the dead silence that ensued, I felt sure he had struck his head against the bridge and become at once insensible.

"Something seemed to whisper to me that though the death was pure accident, it was yet precisely the safest event that could have happened to me, and I hastily left the spot and hastened home as rapidly as the darkness would permit.

"But, to my horror, I found Mr. Thornton, the clergyman of the place, had overheard something of the affair, though nothing at all definite, and he insisted on my promising that some search should be made in case any accident had occurred.

"I knew very well, however, that so long as the fog lasted it would be impossible to discover anything, and I had strong hopes that before morning the current would have swept the body down the stream.

"I therefore gave some general directions which would not be very promptly or energetically carried out, and then waited the event with as much composure as I could muster.

"I went to my room, but I could not rest.

"My mind was haunted by Allnutt's form, and that dreadful plunge into the water which still sounded in my ears.

"I determined to satisfy my doubts; and going quietly from the house, I saddled the fastest horse in the stable, and galloped furiously to the scene of the catastrophe.

"I looked eagerly on the spot; the banks were broken and slimy in places, and I thought I could trace footsteps by the light of the moon, which shone suddenly from a thick cloud.

"I followed those steps till they terminated at my own mill ground, and I lost them.

"My brain whirled at the very idea of detection.

"I lighted a torch I had brought with me, and looked cautiously around, but for some minutes in vain.

"At last my foot struck against some heavy object; I lowered the torch, and saw the dead body of Henry Allnutt lying at my feet.

"For a moment I stood petrified and terror-stricken, and then my resolution was instantly taken.

"The body must be concealed till I could take further measures as to its disposal.

"I succeeded in pushing it into a sort of cellar receptacle for the stock of the mill, and then I concealed it as well as I could with stones and bricks, and the empty bales of flax which lay near.

"I then stooped down to see the success of my labors, and I believe that some of the loose flax must have taken fire from the flame of the torch, for I solemnly swear it was not from any purpose or intention of mine that it ignited.

"I fancied that I heard a slight noise, and went round the mill to ascertain whether any one could have been a witness of the deed, but no one appeared visible, and I mounted my horse to return home.

"As I did so a smouldering smell, a slight appearance of red light, warned me that the flax had ignited in places; and at the same moment came the thought that nothing could more effectually cover my crime than such a catastrophe, and I determined not to do aught to prevent, though I would not have been base enough to originate it.

"The rest of my story is irrelevant to the charge before you, and I need not therefore trouble you, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, further with it.

"I therefore commit myself to your justice, secure in the impartiality of an English court of law, and though I again plead 'Not Guilty' to the indictment against me, I confess, honestly and freely, that I merit heavy punishment, though of a yet more bitter and enduring nature than the penalty which possibly awaits me.

"My lord, and gentlemen, I thank you for the patience with which you have heard me.

"And for the sake of others, rather than my own, I trust that my statement may alter the feeling which the evidence against me may naturally have produced on your minds."

Evan ceased, and a buzz of sympathy, sobs, murmurs, and eager interest went round the court, till the judge silenced it by commencing his summing up.

It was patient, clear, and impartial.

It was evident from the first that his lordship considered the prisoner's defence but a poor and inadmissible palliation of his guilt.

"Giving to the prisoner's statement the most liberal and indulgent credit," said his lordship, "it is plain that all the feelings connected with murder were in his mind and actions.

"Anger, malice, the refraining from assistance to his unhappy victim after the deed was done, and the pertinacity with which it was concealed, all aggravated the guilt, and somewhat altered the character of the act of violence which you have to consider."

His lordship then proceeded to recapitulate the evidence, and to explain the difference between wilful murder and manslaughter, and then, after a brief and touching exordium, left it to the jury to consider their verdict.

It was a fearful time of suspense, ere they returned from their retirement, and one unusually prolonged.

It was evident that the minds of the jurymen were perplexed by the nature of the case, for their absence from the court exceeded an hour, and the expectation and anxiety reached its highest pitch ere they returned.

Even the eyes of the judge, in the interval, turned more than once towards the door, and when it opened and the foreman and his colleagues entered, the stillness was almost oppressive.

Evan looked as pale as a corpse, but his features were calm and resigned to the worst that could befall him, far more calm and quiet indeed than the majority of the audience, who were anxiously waiting for the words that should proceed from the lips of the grave and decorous foreman of the jury.

"Gentlemen, are you agreed?" asked the judge.

"We are," was the reply.

"What is your verdict, 'Guilty,' or 'Not Guilty?'"

"Guilty, my lord, of the wilful murder of Henry Allnutt."

There was a murmur, a thrill, and then a long low moan of anguish, not amounting to a scream, and then a female form was quietly borne from the court, and the prisoner's lip quivered with suppressed anguish, which the verdict itself had no power to occasion.

But the dreadful conclusion of these formalities had now to be gone through.

The judge put on the black cap, and with feeling and impressive eloquence, delivered the usual exhortation to the prisoner, and concluded with the fearful sentence that "he should be taken to the place from whence he came, and thence to the place of execution, there to be hanged by the neck till he was dead."

The judge's voice faltered, sobs were heard in the court, and Evan's countenance was sorrowful, reverent, and ashy pale.

But there was no craven fear in look or manner as he bowed respectfully and gravely to the judge, and walked firmly and slowly from the dock in the custody of his gaolers.

As he descended the step, one face met his eyes which brought a look of anguish and remorse to his expressive countenance as he met its white, terror-stricken, pitying look.

It was the face of Laura de St. Hilaire.

CHAPTER XLVII.

IT was the week after that fearful day, and in three days more Evan Lloyd's earthly existence would cease for ever.

He was in the dark prison cell, from which he was to be conveyed to a felon's death scene, and around him was every sign and token that could bring gloom and horror to the human heart.

And yet there were angels in that dark prison chamber to lighten its gloom, and in the prisoner's heart more true peace than it had known for many months and years of his restless, unquiet life.

It was not insensibility to his past errors, nor to the sorrow he had brought on those who loved him.

The deep grief was gentler, and more easily borne than the secret terror, the gnawing remorse, the feverish desires that had haunted him in his most successful moments.

Evan was brave.

All his faults were bold, and reckless, and hard in their character.

The softening influence of his present awful position, and his true penitence of heart, were unmixed with terror or cowardice.

But he was now about to undergo his sharpest ordeal, that of bidding farewell to Winifred, who had promised to visit him that day, for the first time since the trial. The poor girl's health had so entirely given way, at the news of the result of that terrible trial, that it had been till now an absolute impossibility for her to leave the sick room, where she had been consigned to Laura's tender care.

The two girls had mourned together over Evan's fate, and rejoiced at his repentance, and Charles Thornton, who had been the prisoner's constant visitor and most real comfort and guide since the trial, had not been less constant, or less successful in his efforts to support and console the beautiful and stricken victims of another's errors.

Winifred was now an acknowledged wife though not legally proved one, for all Mr. Thornton's efforts had failed to discover the certificate or witness of the private marriage between her and Evan.

He had thought probably that it would be found in the parish registry.

But Evan openly and sorrowfully avowed the fact of the marriage; and it was easier for the wife than the once loving, and now discarded fiance of the handsome and idolized young man, to endure the grief which his guilt and his position had entailed on both.

Evan knew this well, and he shrank more timidly from an interview with the injured French girl, than from his once scorned and rejected wife.

He felt he dared not meet her cold reproachful eye.

The door of the cell opened, and Winifred entered, but not alone.

Another and a more queenly figure supported her languid steps, and behind them he could distinguish the familiar form of his now dear friend Charles Thornton.

Evan advanced to them with a hesitating air, but it was only for a moment that he paused.

Winifred was gently put forward by her companion, and in an instant she was clasped in his arms.

"Evan, dearest—best loved," she sobbed.

"My poor Winifred, my darling," he replied."

It was all Evan could say.

The strong man's firmness gave way, and he wept like a child.

Laura's lip quivered, but she struggled hard to preserve her firmness.

"Evan," she said softly, and the young man started at the gentle tone, and the well-remembered accents in which she spoke his name,—"Evan, this dear girl once saved my life; she will be my sister as long as we both live; she has given you more than life; let it be yours to return her devotion by all in your power."

"Laura, you are a noble woman," he said looking up in her beautiful face.

"I should never at any time have been worthy of you. What do you wish me to do?"

"Tell her before us both, that your love never swerved, though your ambition may have led you to act as you did," said Laura, "let her feel that she may think of you as all her own in the days to come."

A look of pain came over Winifred's face.

She generously shrank from such a declaration before Laura de St. Hilaire.

Evan did the noble girl justice, and obeyed her behest.

"Winifred," he said, "your friend is right; it is your due.

"I have loved you, and you only, from our earliest years.

"My real love has never once swerved from its chosen object."

The girl bowed her head, and the soft tears flowed quickly.

It was sweet, after all her suffering, to hear such words.

"One more boon, Evan," said Laura. "You have been, by your own confession, married long since to this dear girl; but for all our sakes let it be put beyond the power of evil tongues to injure her fame. Let Mr. Thornton perform the service once more—before those who have the greatest claim to witness it.

"The good Herberts are waiting; may they not come in?"

Evan flushed.

The old pride came for a moment.

Laura laid her hand on his arm and murmured, gently, "For her sake, Evan—for mine, if you think you have wronged me in aught—I ask this."

"So be it, you noble girl," he said, raising Winifred from the shoulder on which she was leaning; "my sin was in secret, the atonement shall be open and public."

Laura looked at Mr. Thornton.

He went to the door of the cell, and, in a moment or two, farmer Herbert and his wife entered.

They were both sadly changed—the fine old couple—from the freshness and stalwart strength of other days.

The countenances of both wore the traces of the purifying, softening influence of suffering.

There was a simple, touching dignity in their greeting to the man who had so wronged them, which would have done honor to a far higher station.

"Can you pardon me for the sorrow I have brought on you?" said Evan, advancing towards them, with Winifred still clinging to him.

"As we hope for mercy ourselves, young man," was Llewellyn Herbert's reply. "This is no time for man's resentment; and from my whole heart I pray God to pardon you."

Mrs. Herbert did not speak; but she took the proffered hand, the tears rolled down her withered cheeks as she saw Evan's altered, haggard looks.

Mr. Thornton and Laura had arranged the scanty furniture of that prison cell, as they best could, for the decency of the sacred ceremony.

The prayer-book was opened, the only piece of carpet placed before the small table for the sad young couple to kneel upon; and then, freely given by her father to the man who had once stolen her maiden faith and girlish hand in secret, and blessed by God's ordained priest, Winifred once more pronounced the solemn vows. But her fortitude gave way when the solemn words, "till death us do part," had to be pronounced. She suddenly reached out her arms to Evan's protecting embrace, and murmuring, "Evan, take me with you, love—my husband," fainted on his bosom.

"Take her away—better part thus, for her sake," said Evan, with faltering voice. "It will spare us both much anguish."

He pressed a long, fond kiss on her pale lips, and then placed her in the arms of Laura de St. Hilaire.

"You can comfort her," he said, "and may Heaven send you one who may be worthy of the love that I was too base to merit,—one who will be in reality what you believed me to be.

"Farewell, Laura; you have had a noble revenge, and quelled the pride and selfish hardness of my heart."

Laura bent down and kissed Winifred's cold cheek, and then placed her hand in Evan's.

He understood the pledge thus given, and turned calmly and sadly to the parents of his wife.

"God bless you both," he said; "speak kindly of me to her; it would wound her gentle nature to hear me blamed."

"She shall be guarded from every breath of sorrow," replied her father; "but she will not be long with us, Evan Lloyd; your parting will not be for long, as you may well see.

"May God have mercy on you and on us!"

There was a fervent pressure of the hand, and the sorrowing group were gone, Winifred still happily unconscious of her agony, and the noble Laura smothering her own dark sorrow, for the sake of those less strong than herself.

Only Mr. Thornton remained with the unhappy prisoner, to comfort and strengthen him after his wretched parting; and his calm elevating words were not in vain.

"The worst is over," he said, as he prepared to depart, after an hour's solemn intercourse. "You do not fear death, Evan?"

"No, thanks to you, Mr. Thornton, I can say I do not," was the reply. "I have found peace in penitence, in humble faith in the Saviour of the dying thief, and I hope I am pardoned for my great crimes. There is one more trial, and then the bitterness of death will be past.

"My poor father and mother, my gentle Lucy; when I have bid them farewell I shall have suffered the worst pang; and you, my friend, my comforter, will not desert me in my last hour, nor cease to comfort them when I am gone."

Mr. Thornton could not trust his voice to reply, but he wrung Evan's hand convulsively, and the next moment the prisoner was alone in his gloomy cell.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

CHARLES THORNTON took his way from the prison, sadly and slowly.

His heart was deeply moved by the scene he had just gone through, and the latent admiration and honor—he would not call it love—that Laura de St. Hilaire had excited in his breast, was even painfully deepened by her magnanimous self-mastery.

She was a splendid creature, gifted in person and mind, and estate too lavishly for ordinary mortals to aspire to win; yet the curate felt he could have sympathized with and entered into all her lofty feelings and sentiments, and more than repaired, by a devotion equal to her own, the love of which she was capable.

He had loved Lucy tenderly and truly. But for Laura he could entertain a yet more noble, more intense feeling of devoted, almost reverential affection; he could have looked on her as an equal, a helpmate in every pursuit, every aspiration, every exalted sentiment of his nature; have lived with her, and for her; such communion as might be supposed to exist among far higher and more exalted natures than ours.

Mr. Thornton was so deeply engrossed with these thoughts and higher speculations that he scarcely remarked the way he was taking, and missed the turning which he usually observed in his homeward road from the prison.

He had gone some way past the street, without perceiving it, when his attention was attracted by a crowd around a narrow court.

He stopped and inquired of one of the bystanders what was the matter.

"A gentleman in some sort of a fit, sir, I believe," was the reply; "he staggered against that house, there, quite sudden like, and fell down all in a moment; and they set him up in the court there for quiet and safety, you see, till they can carry him somewhere."

Mr. Thornton was no lover of horrors or strange spectacles, but the vicinity of sickness or death ever appeared to him the proper place for a minister of God, and he waited for a few moments to allow the crowd to open, to gain access to the sufferer.

It was some time, however, before the dense group gave way; and then it was with difficulty that the clergyman could get through the mass of people, who pushed eagerly forward to get a sight of the unfortunate stranger.

At last, those immediately round the man swerved suddenly back, to allow him to be carried into the side door of a shop which opened into the court.

Mr. Thornton caught a glimpse of the person in question, and, to his astonishment and some degree of horror, recognized the hard features of the overlooker, Hugh Evans.

To press forward, claim some knowledge of the sufferer, and accompany his body into the shop, was the work of a few seconds; and then he at once proceeded to use what little knowledge he had of medicine, for the benefit of the patient, till medical help arrived.

Stimulants, friction, and plenty of air, were the simple and obvious remedies which he resorted to; and, before the doctor arrived, some degree of consciousness returned, though not sufficient to recognize those around him.

Dr. Swan at once pronounced the attack to be on the heart, and one which, if not now fatal, could not be long in terminating the patient's life.

Indeed, so severe was its character that removal would be the most imminent danger to life.

Mr. Thornton at once made arrangements with the shop-keeper for the invalid to remain, for at least some hours, in the back room where he had been carried, promising to remain himself for a short time, and then to send a proper person to watch over him till he could be moved with safety.

Hugh Evans had opened his eyes, swallowed the dose prescribed by the physician, and sank back into a sort of lethargic doze, before Dr. Swan left him, and then Mr. Thornton took his post at the side of the couch, inwardly wondering at the strange chance which had sent him from the prison of the condemned to the dying bed of the principal accuser, but anxious to perform his duty to one thus singularly committed to his care, even so repulsive and erring a man as Hugh Evans.

One hour passed thus away, and Mr. Thornton was about to leave the room, in order to send, if possible, someone for a woman whom he knew and could trust as a nurse, when the patient moved, groaned heavily, opened his dull, grey eyes, and looked round with more intelligence and recognition than he had hitherto displayed.

Mr. Thornton turned, and approached him.

"Evans," he said, "do you know me?"

The man looked at him for a minute or two with a bewildered air, and then feebly turned away with a visible shudder.

"Do not fear me," said the clergyman, kindly, and taking his hand. "I only wish to serve you. You are with those who would willingly save you from any suffering in their power. Are you better now?"

"I shall never be better," replied the man feebly; and there was still a touch of the old sullenness in his tone. "I can feel death, and face it too."

"Is there any one you would wish to see?" asked Mr. Thornton; "any arrangements I can make for your peace of mind and comfort?"

"None," was the sullen reply; and then he lay still and quiet for a short time.

Mr. Thornton sat gazing at the white, rigid features, and thought of the friend, whose hours were perhaps as numbered as those of the sufferer; and his intense desire to vindicate, if possible, that friend's memory from the dark guilt that rested on him, if it was indeed impossible to save his life, almost mastered his sense of the forbearance due to a dying man.

"Evans," he said, "I will not conceal from you that you are in danger. You are no coward to wish to be deceived, and I could not answer to my conscience should I attempt to do so.

"But there are duties for the dying as well as towards the dying—repentance to God, whom we have all offended, and, if it be necessary, redress of the wrongs we have done to man.

Evans gave an impatient gesture, but did not otherwise notice the exhortation, and Mr. Thornton took another tone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHICH WINS?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY SECOND SELF," "A SQUIRE'S LEGACY," "A PRINCE IN DISGUISE," "RED RIDING HOOD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

"FATHER," Augustine said, in a curiously clear repressed low voice, don't think I mean any disrespect, please, when I say that this is a matter in which I cannot be content with your word—I must judge for myself.

"You are always just, and I'm sure you will not deny me this, which is only justice.

"You wish that Mr. Palliser should break his engagement to me, and you are likely to be biassed by your wish.

"Let me judge for myself—see him again, or write to him.

"Oh," she cried, with an irrepressible burst of anguish, "I cannot let my happiness slip from me without putting out my hands to hold it!"

Anthony Leigh shrank a little from that passionate cry—perhaps it touched some chord long silent in his heart, recalled something that once was music, now only jarring discords, "jangled, out of tune."

"You are a foolish girl!" he said sharply. "If you were wiser, you would be content to abide by the decision of a person more experienced than yourself.

"However, you shall have justice, as you call it, on one condition—that, after this interview or letter, you neither see or write to Mr. Palliser again. Do you agree to that?"

"Not if—ah, father, don't you see that would be impossible to me if I found him—as I hope to find him—true!"

"Romantic folly," Anthony Leigh said coldly, "which I shall not allow to stand in the way of my will! If, after the one opportunity I allow, clandestine interviews or secret letter-writing to this man continue, I will have a watch set and an immediate end put to such proceedings. You have warning now."

"I was necessary, sir," the girl retorted, with unwonted bitterness. "If you hadn't said it, I could not have believed it possible that you would descend to the meanness of setting spies on your own daughter!"

She darted from the room, with the wildest rage she had ever known in all her innocent young life surging to her heart, the sharpest pain gnawing at it.

In any case—how hard it was to make that reservation!—she had nothing to expect now—hope, she thought, was dead.

All communication with Raymond Palliser was cut off, and—that was the bitterest drop in her cup of gall—perhaps she should have to acknowledge that it was better so!

The girl crouched down in the deep recess of that window before which she was standing now, and stared out, with wide tearless eyes, at the gate by which he had departed.

She felt as if he had taken her youth with him, and all of her life that was worth living, and left nothing but ashes.

Somebody knocked at her door and asked something about luncheon; she answered impatiently that she would have none.

She could hear the piano tinkling down below, and Celia's voice singing a little French *chanson*.

Augustine writhed under the words so lightly, archly carolled.

She started up, opened her desk, and began to write, fast as her pen could travel over paper.

She had the answer to that letter put tenderly away.

An answer which, if she had but known it, had cost Mr. Palliser not a little trouble to write.

To make her understand, without debasing himself in her eyes, that her father's decision had rendered it impossible for them ever to be more to each other than were now—it was not easy to do, and his being able to do it showed that Mr. Leigh's judgment of his would-be son-in-law was correct.

He was a clever fellow, and, if he could not prove that black was white, he demonstrated very successfully that it was but of a delicate of gray.

Augustine's instinct, straight and true, warned her faintly of a certain speciousness, an almost imperceptible flavor of falsehood pervading this epistle.

She did not listen to the warning, she did not want to see that those delicate scruples were out of keeping with the character of the man who professed to entertain them.

She preferred to keep the ideal she had formed, and comfort herself with the thought that, like Elaine, she had loved the best, highest, and worthiest.

With a woman's bent for worship and a child's ignorance of the world, poor Augustine was elevating into a hero the practical keen-eyed barrister, who was looking back already, with faint regards and calm self-congratulations, upon that bygone episode in his career, wondering if she felt it much, poor child, execrating that old curmudgeon of a father who had deprived his daughter of a rising man for her husband and Raymond Palliser of the woman he liked for his wife, and felicitating himself on having got out of the difficulty so gracefully with a prose version of the grand old distitch, "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more," and left the road open for his return to that first love if circumstances—such a circumstance as Anthony Leigh's death—should make it worth his while.

* * * * * * *

Celia was singing again in the sitting-room below, the same song which set every chord of her cousin's heart vibrating to the tune of that song of past passion and pain.

Augustine was looking down upon the drive, dark with shadow of trees, bright with low shafts of sunshine tipped with sunset fire.

A sudden longing came upon the girl to be out under that free sky, to feel that light upon her face.

She dressed herself quickly, hurried downstairs, across the quadrangle, and up the straight, short avenue.

A dog-cart stopped in front of her as she turned out upon the road, and Geoffrey Bisset jumped down to speak to her.

He blushed like a girl as he bungled over his greetings.

Augustine did not blush at all, only smiled gravely, and gave him her hand and a frank friendly look out of her blue eyes.

They had come to be comrades, these two, during those long four months which had elapsed since Mr. Palliser's return to London.

After that event—of which he had immediate intimation—Anthony Leigh made no objection to his daughter's resuming her visits to Mrs. Fletcher's house, where naturally Geoff continued his.

The melancholy, the paleness, the wistful looks of his idol, melted his honest heart.

He would have spent its best blood to do her service.

He did spend his nights in dreaming of her, his days in thinking of her, and a considerable part of these latter in hovering about every spot where she might possibly be seen.

He anathematised Raymond Palliser in his secret soul as the author of this to himself.

He spoke no ill of him in public, nay, praised his talents—all he could truthfully praise—to Augustine, because he saw it pleased her.

He even went the length of writing a letter to his cousin, a generous, foolish, blundering composition, over which Palliser frowned and shrugged his shoulders, and finally laughed sardonically, telling him how much Miss Leigh seemed to feel his absence, asking if some arrangement could not be brought about which might ensure her happiness, and making an absurd, magnanimous offer of assistance from himself.

Poor Geoff!

The answer he got to that Quixotic effusion made his ears tingle and his face burn.

"Dear Geoff," Raymond Palliser's epistle ran—"Your letter puzzled me so much that I was obliged to re-read it twice before I could convince myself that it was neither an elaborate joke nor a deliberate insult.

"The latter I felt it couldn't be, coming from you; but really it was hard to believe that your strange proposition was made in all good faith.

"You must have an odd idea, my dear boy, of what is possible in the world, in yourself, when you propose, with apparent seriousness, to make me such an allowance as will enable me to marry Miss Leigh.

"With many thanks for your kindness, of which, I assure you, I stand in no need, we will put your offer aside, and consider another question.

"Understand, my dear fellow, if you can that, as things now are, I do not wish to marry Miss Leigh.

"Her very disagreeable father has effectually blocked my way in that quarter. I would never marry solely for money, but it wouldn't suit me to run away with a penniless girl; and a man like myself, whose success in life depends upon his keeping his head cool and his judgment clear, cannot afford a love-affair which would involve him in perpetual hot water.

"Then too, Augustine Leigh, charming as she undoubtedly is, is not, I fear, the sort of woman to make a home happy.

"For the quiet domestic life I should fancy that pretty little cousin of hers more fitted, though she hasn't half the brains. It is not without much pain and serious thought that I have come to this conclusion; but I am convinced now that my engagement to Augustine Leigh was a mistake.

"I fear you haven't got over your attack yet: I would recommend you to pitch it overboard as speedily as possible. Miss Leigh gets an exaggerated value upon intellect, and would like, I fancy, to marry a philosopher; she would make you miserable, my poor Geoff.

"Yours, "R. P."

Mr. Bisset, as has been said, on receiving this epistle, first blushed up to his ears and called himself a fool, then gave voice to a bad word or two, and declared Raymond Palliser a knave.

And it cost him something to refrain from quarreling openly with his cousin.

He did refrain, for Augustine Leigh's sake.

He wished that she could know the cold and selfish nature of the man she loved, his utter unworthiness.

The sight of her delusion possessed him sometimes with a wild impatience.

He dared not enlighten her, he could not give her pain.

"Your cousin is well, I hope?" Augustine asked the question with a straightforward gravity, only looking a little away from Geoffrey as she spoke.

"He was very well when I last heard from him."

"When was that?"

"A few days ago—four or five. Perhaps I have the letter in my pocket."

Geoff pulled out a bundle of papers from the breast of his grey coat, and began turning them over, Augustine watching his movements eagerly with wistful violet eyes.

"There!" she cried suddenly. "That's his writing. Is—is the letter private, Mr. Bisset?"

"Not at all," said poor Geoff, forcing a smile.

"It's principally occupied with an account of that forgery case that's going on now.

"It may amuse you to read it, Miss Leigh?"

He held it out to her as he spoke.

"Junior counsel," returned Geoff, rather shortly, and heaving a great sigh.

How was it, he wondered, that the people least capable of returning love were those who got the most of it?

They walked on for a few minutes or two in silence.

The sun was setting in an angry flush of red — red that was almost copper-color.

The wild light streamed across the dust-white road and lit up like flame.

"It is getting late," Augustine said hurriedly.

"I must bid you good-bye, Mr. Bisset; I shall have to run back—and I would advise you to hurry home too, for we shall have a storm."

"Yes, there's mischief brewing," he answered dreamily, glancing round.

Dark-purple clouds, fringed with a lurid orange, were floating up upon the sky; the shadows looked densely black. "Good-bye, Miss Leigh."

"Good-bye."

They clasped hands and parted, Geoff driving away westward, down that long lane of light into the sunset fire, Augustine walking quickly back to the Manor, with Raymond Palliser's letter in her hand.

She was very silent during dinner.

Nobody noticed that, for dinner was always a silent meal at Thorneymede.

It was the only one at which Mr. Leigh appeared, and his dark watchful countenance invariably acted as a damper even upon Celia's chatter.

But the young lady observed that her cousin's face was very pale, and her eyes glittered curiously, and remarked upon the circumstance when they went into the drawing-room.

"Have you a headache, Austine dear?" she asked solicitously.

"No—yes—a little," Miss Leigh answered in abstracted tones.

"She was standing at a window looking out.

"The storm had broken already: the thunder was rolling among the low hills, and over the bending trees of the wood, the lightning was flashing in the sky.

"My dear child, come away from the window!" Mr. Baldwin exclaimed in horror.

"I hate to see you there!"

"I don't see that it matters where one stays," the girl said impatiently, moving towards the fire.

She dropped into a low chair before it, and sat staring fixedly at the burning logs.

"Mrs. Baldwin," she added abruptly, "did you ever feel as if you couldn't help hating somebody?"

"Me, my dear?" faltered that lady, not a little shocked.

"No, indeed, I wouldn't be so unchristian!"

"Perhaps you never were tempted," Augustine retorted, with a low hard laugh.

"I expect most of us are heathens, then, at some time or other of our lives."

"My dear, don't talk like that—and don't look like that—you frighten me!"

"No wonder," the girl said moodily. "I'm frightened myself."

"At the storm? But I thought you didn't mind——"

"At the strength of the old Adam in me," Augustine said, a little wildly.

"Christianity only scotched the serpent, Mrs. Baldwin, it didn't kill him; the Father of Lies is flourishing still!"

She sprang up restlessly as she spoke, and fell to pacing the long room in ill-concealed excitement.

Why was Celia always singing that song?

The burden seemed to burn itself in Augustine's brain.

CHAPTER VII.

RAIN—white, drenching, dreary rain, driven in heavy sheets by a wind from the southwest, a wind that was almost a gale.

The wild blasts beat upon the old grey front of Thorneymede, and rattled at its windows like hunted creatures seeking for a refuge—and, finding no inlet, or any shelter, recoiled again with piteous moanings and complaints, leaving tears behind on the lozenged panes.

The flagged courtyard ran with wet; shallow rivers flowed over its gray stones, worn by the feet of forgotten generations, and poured, with a sullen sound, down the gratings that carried them away.

The trees along the drive bowed and shivered in the blast, and showered the soddened earth with brown and yellow leaves.

The gray sky bent over them with a hopeless leaden gloom.

An unexpressed, unmitigated dreariness was in all the dismal scene.

"What a miserable day!" Celia Malet exclaimed.

"Ugh! It gives one the blues to look at it!

"Do come and sit by the fire and read, Austine; you'll get low-spirited, staring at the rain like that."

"I like it," Miss Leigh answered, with quiet decision.

She was sitting in the window, some pretence of work in her lap untouched, her heavy eyes gazing through the foggy panes at the swaying trees beyond.

The room was in a corner of the house, and looked, at one side, into Thorney Wood.

It was in this window Augustine chose to sit, staring down one of the long green rides where the trees were almost stripped and the rain fell through their baring boughs with a sullen patter on a carpet of rotting leaves—the dismallest, dreariest outlook.

Miss Malet glanced at it, and shivered.

"Like it?" she echoed, with a little French shrug—she had brought the gesture with her from Paris, perfect, at twelve years old.

"What a contradictory old darling you are, Austy!

"Fancy liking that miserable prospect better than a cosy chair and a nice fire and a new book out of that box that came yesterday from Mudie's, and which you've never looked into yet, I think.

"I thought you wanted to read Froude's Reminiscences."

"I don't want to read anything just now," Augustine said impatiently.

"Hadn't you better go back to your fire, Celia?"

"But I'm sure you've a headache, dear. Can I do anything for you?

"It's the fault of that nasty stuff—you know I warned you, dear; but——"

"Your sympathy is thrown away, unfortunately," her cousin said, with a swift contraction of her straight dark brows, which gave her, for the moment, an odd resemblance to her father. "I have no headache."

"I'm so glad, dear, though it's a wonder you haven't, glowering at that prospect—it makes me shudder to look at it.

"Is that the same wood we used to walk in last spring with our attendant knights, or yours rather.

"One can scarcely believe it. And that reminds me that I saw you speaking to Mr. Bisset at the head of the drive yesterday, as I crossed the landing.

"What was he talking about? May I ask."

"You may," answered Miss Leigh coldly, "for it was nothing particular."

Celia broke into a peal of "silver-treble" laughter, and dropped a forgiving kiss on her ungracious cousin's forehead.

"He is so bashful, poor dear thing," she said, with soft maliciousness, and went away, carrying her novel with her, and singing in her shrill sweet voice—such a soft, childish, charming little creature, with her fairy figure, and her dimpled babyface.

Augustine looked by no means so sweet or so innocent, as she sat in her dusky corner and frowned at the falling rain.

It rained all day, a hopeless, persistent downpour.

All day too the wind moaned the trees in Thorney Wood, whistled at the windows, and howled about the chimneys of the Manor.

The storm increased as the twilight fell.

It seemed to have come to its worst at dinner-time.

The steady falling of the rain, the shrieking of the wind, made the silence round the table appear more marked and dismal.

Into this soundful silence fell, suddenly and strangely, the rat-tat of the hall-door knocker executing an authoritative summons.

Such an event was rare enough at Thorneymede to produce a sensation always; but on this night the feeling it evoked was most akin to horror.

Roberts all but dropped the silver side-dish he was handling.

The diners laid down their knives and forks, and stared at each other with pale faces of surprise.

"Who can that be?" Celia said, shivering.

"Go and see what it is," Mr. Leigh commanded suddenly, a dusky flush coming into his dark face.

Roberts hastily set down the dish and went.

A burst of cold air rushed through the house, the tumult of the storm seemed to draw nearer suddenly.

Then the door slammed, and the man returned.

He brought her a card for his master.

"Said he must see you, sir; he'll wait in the library till you've done dinner."

The card contained a name—"Reverend Richard Nesbitt," an' address in an East London district, and between the two a few words scribbled in pencil—"Have come on private business concerning W. L."

"I will see the person at once," Anthony Leigh said, rising with a face as pale now as it had been flushed.

"But, dear uncle, you haven't dined!" Celia murmured, with regretful wonder, from her seat on his left hand.

"It doesn't matter," he replied, with a sort of harsh impatience very unlike his wonted courtesy, and walked slowly out of the room, the stranger's card in his fingers still.

"Strange!" Celia commented, in her silvery little voice, with a little shrug of her slender shoulders.

"Why?" Augustine asked quickly.

"Why, dear? Because of the hour, of course, and the weather, and the scarcity of visitors here."

"It is some person on business," Miss Leigh decided curtly.

"You read so many novels, Celia, you carry heir plots into ordinary life, and romance about the most commonplace occurrences."

Miss Malet laughed out genuinely, and with evident enjoyment.

"You amusing old darling!" she cried. "It's much fun to hear you!

"Why, I'm about a hundred times less romantic and more practical and matter-of-fact than you are!

"I read other people's novels because I can't act any of own."

Augustine's face flushed faintly with the old peach-red, and her black brows drew together.

She said nothing, though Celia's little speech had acquired of late a curious weight and sting.

Mr. Leigh, meanwhile, was interviewing his unexpected visitor—a tall, thin man, in clerical attire, by no means new, with weak blue eyes peering from behind much bluer spectacles, and a kind, worn, anxious-looking face.

He had been sitting by the fire in the library, looking longingly at the rows and shelves of valuable books with the eye of a born student and collector debarred by circumstances from indulging the graceful taste.

He stood up hastily when their owner entered, and bowed with a certain dignity.

"I am sorry to be obliged to intrude upon you at this hour, Mr. Leigh," he began gravely.

"Don't apologize, I beg," the master of the Manor said, with a strange stiff smile.

"I can quite understand that this task has been forced upon you—it is not likely to be a pleasant one."

Mr. Nesbitt fixed his blue spectacled eyes in wondering fashion on his host.

"It is a very unpleasant one—a very sad one!" he said gravely.

"It could scarcely fail to be so, considering whom it concerns," Anthony Leigh broke in.

"I cannot refuse to listen to what you have to say, Mr. Nesbitt.

"I shall only promise this—that your client is breaking a solemn engagement in sending you with this application to me, and, further, that he has nothing to hope from it."

"He has nothing to hope or fear further from man—that I am well aware of," the clergyman said solemnly.

"I can see that you will not be much shocked, Mr. Leigh, when I tell you that your son is dead."

Anthony Leigh's dark face, naturally of a healthy olive, paled suddenly to a sickly sallowness, and the muscles about his mouth moved with a convulsive twitching; but his voice, as he spoke, was calmly cold and hard.

"My son has been dead for nearly thirteen years," he said. "You bring no news, Mr. Nesbitt."

"I don't understand you, sir," the clergyman exclaimed, flushing a little, with a natural indignation.

"I repeat that your son is dead—died this morning, in my presence, almost in my arms, poor fellow!"

"And I repeat that he died twelve years and nine months ago," Mr. Leigh returned, with a stern persistence.

"Walter Leigh died to me and the world on the day on which I announced his death; the person you allude to, who has been living up to to-day; you say, was a certain Philip Lyster."

"You can put it so, if you like," Mr. Nesbitt said, pain and horror in his face and voice.

"But the facts remain the same, and the facts are these, Mr. Leigh.

"Your son is dead—and he died in poverty—poverty little removed from want—while you are in the enjoyment of ample means."

"My enjoyment is not perhaps so great as you suppose," was the answer, given with a gloomy smile.

"Nor am I to blame because my son played the part of the prodigal.

"I was not obliged to reduce myself and his sister and cousin to misery in order to pander to his extravagance."

"Certainly not; but surely some larger allowance could have been afforded——"

"He got more than he deserved," Anthony Leigh said, with a virulent gleam out of his dark eyes.

"I paid his debts twice—the sum each time amounted to over ten thousand dollars; a year after the second payment I discovered that he had raised money, at enormous interest, by post-obits on Monk's Grange.

"The place was worth about two thousand dollars a year; I agreed to hand over the rental to him at once, on condition of his making no further claim on me and being no longer known to the world as my son.

"I anticipated that so promising a young man could scarcely fail to make a stir in it," he continued, with his old mocking bitterness, "and I did not desire that my name should figure among 'welshers' and 'legs' on every race-course in the kingdom.

"Therefore, the day that saw that agreement signed, Walter Leigh died—and the person called Philip Lyster was born. Have you anything else to say, Mr. Nesbitt?

"I shall be happy, of course, to afford you any information in my power!" Mr. Leigh ended, with that hard smile of conscious sneering lurking again about his close-set mouth.

The clergyman recoiled a little from that Mephistophelean glance, an undeserved sense of insult flushing his pale face.

"You mistake me, Mr. Leigh," he said hastily.

"I have no desire whatever to pry into your family affairs.

"What I have learned of them I have learned by accident, through my attendance on your unfortunate son.

"I don't know what his youthful errors may have been; whatever they were, he repented them, and was amply punished for them.

"He died of consumption, brought on by a neglected cold, and hastened by the want of such little luxuries and comforts as invalids require.

"I would have applied to you on his behalf long before, but that he would not give me your name or address; he would not break his engagement to you."

"I am glad he had so much sense of honor left," Mr. Leigh said, with the same mocking smile on his stiff white lips, the same dusky pallor in his face,

"Heaven forgive you your unnatural behavior!" cried Mr. Nesbitt, roused into momentary imprudent disgust by this hardened bitterness; and then his eyes caught the look of agony, rigidly repressed on this extraordinary father's face, and his own softened.

"I am sorry for you, to the bottom of my heart, Mr. Leigh," said the good man, with a sudden impulse of pity. "I can understand what you are feeling, and how useless every consolation is except what comes from above."

"You are very good," returned his host, with that smile of scoffing courtesy which made his simple guest shiver. "But I do not require consolation; and, if I did, I cannot understand how it could come to me better from above than from below. Waiving that question, however, which has nothing to do with the business you came to discuss—let me ask you another. This Mr. Lyster, whose death you announce to me—did he die a single man?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FUNNY RIVER.—The river Manzanares upon which Madrid the capital of Spain, stands, is a mere stream, except when swollen by heavy rains or winter snow. It has accordingly formed the subject of much excellent witticism. Alexander Dumas, the French novelist, said that he and his son went on to a bridge that crosses it and came away disappointed at not being able to find the river. A German ambassador maintained it was the best river he had ever seen, as it was navigable either on horse-back or by carriage. It is further asserted that when Ferdinand II. determined to take a walk along the river bed it was necessary to have it well watered to lay the dust. When Napoleon's army entered Madrid they exclaimed: "What! has the river run away too!" One of the best jokes was that of a young man to whom a glass of water had been fetched during faintness at a bull fight—"Give it to the Manzanares; it needs it more than I do." However, times, the river, as has been said, acquires a considerable breadth, and Philip II. had a bridge of nine arches built across it. Whereupon Madame d'Aulonz wrote; "When strangers see the bridge they begin to laugh; it seems to them so absurd to find a bridge where there is no water. One visitor said he would advise the city to sell the bridge in order to buy some water with the proceeds." This is a fair budget of wit that has centred round a humble stream.

Scientific and Useful.

COLDS.—An eminent doctor says the frequent colds we experience in winter would in a great measure be prevented, if the following rule were strictly observed: when the whole body, or any part of it, is chilled, bring it to its natural feeling and warmth by degrees.

CELLULOID.—Celluloid, when used as a substitute for wood in the production of large printing type, is found to be much preferable to wood. It has a fine surface, possesses great durability, can be readily worked, is light and can stand all the rough usage of the job press.

FRUIT CANS.—Fruit put up in tin cans should be taken out entirely when the can is opened for use. If allowed to remain after the can is opened, the action of acid juices upon the solder when exposed to the air may form acetate of lead, which is poisonous. Pour the fruit out into glass or earthenware dishes, and the danger of poisoning is avoided.

WOOD STAIN.—An excellent stain for giving light-colored wood the appearance of black walnut may be made and applied as follows: Take Brunswick black, thin it down with turpentine until it is about the right tone and color, and then add about one-twentieth its bulk of varnish. This mixture, it is said, will be dry and take varnish well.

AN ELECTRIC BOUQUET.—An electric bouquet was presented to the crown-princes of Austria, a short time ago, at Vienna, which consisted of a group of snowy globes inside of each of which was an incandescent lamp fed from small storage-batteries in the vase. The capacity of the battery was found sufficient to maintain a brilliant illumination for three days.

TARNISH.—Tarnished gold-color articles, it is said, may be restored by the following method. Dissolve one once of bicarbonate of soda, half an ounce of common salt, in about four ounces of boiling water. Take a clean brush, and wash the article with the hot solution for a few seconds, and rinse immediately in two clean waters. Dry in warm sawdust, and finally rub over with tissue-paper.

Farm and Garden.

SHEEP.—Keep sheep dry under foot; it is better than roofing them.

CHARRED CORN.—Charred corn is one of the best things which can be fed to hens to make them lay. It must not be fed as a regular diet but in limited quantities each day.

TOMATO VINES.—Tomato vines should have some kind of support. The fruit will grow larger, ripen sooner and more easily, and will be better flavored than if the vines are allowed to lay on the ground.

GARDEN-SEATS.—Every one finds it difficult to keep in order wooden garden-seats without painting them yearly. A thin sheet of gutta-percha nailed on to them will last for ever; and its appearance is picturesque, while its cost will not be more than the paint for one year.

WOODEN POSTS.—The following method of preserving wooden posts in the ground is said to have been well tested, and one who describes it from experience, says: "Take boiled linseed oil and stir in pulverized coal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and there is not a man who will live to see it rot."

COTTONSEED.—Cottonseed meal is becoming more extensively used, and it is beginning to command the attention of all breeders and stockmen. Not only does it add very materially to the rations of feed but also enriches the manure. It is probable that future demand will enthrone the seed as king instead of the fibre, for it is almost invaluable on well-regulated farms, being used for horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry.

PER ACRE.—An acre of land containing 43,560 square feet. To cover this with manure two inches deep, as farmers sometimes tell of manuring their fields, would require a pile of manure more than thirty feet square and eight feet deep or nearly fifty-seven cords per acre; very few farmers ever put on that amount. The common ox-cart or wagon, holding thirty bushels of potatoes, needs to be heaped pretty well to hold one-third of a cord of manure.

QUICK WALKING OXEN.—In order to breed quick walking oxen the Devon bulls are used on ordinary large-sized cows. This gives a red color, and the calves are uniform in marking, can be easily matched, and come to maturity early. Some farmers begin to train calves, when they are but a few months old, by fastening them with very light yokes, and tying their tails together, and, as they soon become accustomed to it, their after-training is an easy matter.

ARBOR DAY.—The idea of specifying a certain day for a general planting of trees on roadsides and in public grounds, an arbor day, is good so far as it encourages the excellent object in view, but liable to discouraging disappointment and failure through unfavorable conditions of weather, soil or season. Some one lately advocated the making of Decoration Day an Arbor day, but there is little congruity between the labor and moil of planting and the observances and duties of ceremony decoration, nor is one day sufficient for both. The date of that day, the last of May, is much too late for successful planting, even of evergreens.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 1, 1884.

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LITTLE THINGS.

Few properly estimate the influence and importance of the little things—the trifles—of life. Only a trifle! How glibly and trippingly the words come over the tongue! Only a trifle! Done and said, acted and commented upon in a moment, and yet what conclusions infinite may not ensue! What are these trifles that men of the world—shrewd-hearted, acute denizens of large cities—waiters upon fortune, and deep divers after golden opportunities—so pooh-pooh from consideration?

Do trifles make up the sum of human life? From our waking hour until that when we lie down to rest; from the first moment that the quivering eyelids wink upon the great world and all its doings, to that in which the veiled curtains of the soul are drawn aside again, and the great pageant of life begins anew; what has pleased, what has vexed us? Trifles!

What has made the heart feel sunny with rapture—what has wrapped it up in a mist of tears? Trifles—trifles all!

What will send the wearied mind cheerful to rest? Some trifle!

What will break that rest, and convert the night into one long restless fever? Only a trifle!

Are the great events of life—the holiday circumstances that come only now and then, either with a thunder-clap of woe, or such a gush of satisfaction, that in either case feeling and affection are more than bewildered, and can scarcely feel or reflect—the events that make or mar us? Ah, no! It is to trifles we must look for every-day felicity. It is to trifles we must attend for our customary ease and happiness, for upon them alone may we float easily upon soft satisfaction from morn till night—from night till dewy morn. Cæsar might smile upon death; but an ill-fitting casement to his chamber would vex the god-like soul to maddened fretfulness.

A general on the battle-field with a tight boot and a most pertinacious corn, feels all his glory fading away, and that "only a trifle" has made him a wretch instead of a proud conqueror.

Only a trifle has broken hearts, dismembered kingdoms, given fair provinces to war and famine, bowed down the head of majesty, and placed vile slaves upon the throne of Sardanapalus. Trifles have marred more than great things have ever made!

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE Supreme Court of Iowa decides that a wife deserted by a husband, without her fault, and left with no means of providing for her family of young children, has the authority to sell the personal property of her husband to obtain money.

—

AN optician attributes many of the disorders of the eye which are brought to him for treatment, to the habit of reading in all traveling conveyances. But what shall people do who are compelled to spend a couple of hours in a journey over the same road twice a day?

—

AN Illinois philanthropist wishes to benefit the poor by teaching them to eat their bread and butter with the butter side down. He says that the sense of taste is most acute on the tongue, and that a very small amount of butter is satisfactory if put on the obviously right spot.

—

AMONG the new applications of cotton, is its use, in part, in the construction of houses, the material employed for that purpose being the refuse, which, when ground up with about an equal amount of straw and asbestos, is converted into a paste, and this is formed into large slabs or bricks, which acquire, it is said, the hardness of stone, and furnish a really valuable building stock.

—

No bureau of the Government exceeds in importance the United States Patent Office. From the start it has been self-sustaining, and now has an unexpended balance to its credit of about $2,500,000. This money is the result of fees paid by inventors to secure the patents which protect their inventions. The business of the Patent Office has increased with each year of its existence.

—

AN attempt was recently made by a householder in an Iowa town to get an injunction restraining the reading of the Bible in the public schools of that State, and also to prohibit the singing of hymns or repeating of the Lord's Prayer. In a decision rendered last week, however, the Court held that such selections were intended to inculcate morality, purity and honesty, and were, therefore, a part of the public school system. The Court refused to grant the desired order.

—

DR. CARTER MOFFAT recently delivered a lecture in Glasgow to a large audience, mainly composed of professional men and musical critics, on voice-training by chemical means. Dr. Moffat maintained that the presence of peroxide of hydrogen in the air and dew of Italy had some connection with the beauty of Italian vocal tone. A series of illustrations by persons taken from the audience, who inhaled a chemical compound made to represent Italian air, are said to have been very satisfactory—a full, clear, rich, mellow tone being produced by one application.

—

LET those who want to know the real color of the "white" elephant, smoke a cigar and look at the ashes. There they will have it exactly. But a front view shows patches of paler skin, and these, in the estimation of millions, are the outward and visible sign of divine sanctity. Science, however, claims that these discolorations of the skin are marks of a disease something like leprosy. Compared to Jumbo, Budha is a small elephant, being four feet shorter than that monster, and much less imposing in general appearance. Nevertheless, good judges pronounce him a "beauty."

—

STATISTICS of suicide in Paris for the past year show an increase of 63 over the previous year, the total being 542, upward of 100 of which were committed in the suburbs of Paris. Out of this total, 217 were committed by the use of firearms, 81 by hanging, and 37 by burning charcoal in a closed room. The remaining 51 persons sought death by jumping from a height, by poison, or by placing themselves in front of trains or wagons. The number of persons who shot themselves—among them being 41 women—is nearly double the total for 1882, whereas the number of persons asphyxiating themselves with charcoal fell from 140 to 37.

—

LECTURING in Boston upon Education in Russia, Dr. Vetter said that the Russians' reputation as linguists is due to their peculiar instruction in childhood. The infant has a French nurse for a sole attendant till it is six years of age. By that time it has learned to speak the French language. Then the German governess comes in, and is the child's constant companion. Later the English tongue is acquired in the same way. After twelve, the girls continue their studies at home, and submit to mamma's match-making. The boys go away to the gymnasia. The course there embraces seven years, and fits the pupil for a professional course at the university.

—

THE manufacture of rope from asbestos is likely to become an industry of considerable importance in England, the strength of the article being estimated at about one-fourth that of ordinary hemp rope of the same diameter. Rope of this material of one and one-half inches in diameter is said to have a breaking strength of one ton, and twenty feet of it are calculated to represent a weight of thirteen and one-fourth pounds. Some of the purposes, as enumerated, to which this kind of rope is especially adapted, are theatres, fire brigades and means of escape from dwellings and public buildings, its advantages being that it will not break and drop its burden if the flame bears upon it. It is made like ordinary rope, and is spun from Italian asbestos thread.

—

AN orthodox clergyman in New York calls attention, with some alarm, to the tendency toward free thought in all the orthodox churches in the world. The leading religious teachers, even in the oldest and most conservative sects, are criticizing the old dogmas, and repudiating the creeds of their own denomination. Ministers who express heterodox views are the most popular, and charges of heresy which twenty years ago would have banished them from the pulpit, now fall still-born. But there may be a revival of faith. Epochs of unbelief are very rare in this world, for man is a religious animal. Infidelity was rife in Athens when Pericles was all-powerful, but later on the worship of the gods revived, and Socrates was put to death for teaching a system of ethics and religion which would have been assented to, or at least tolerated, in the time of Pericles.

—

THE year 1883 has been a very remarkable one; but in nothing more so than its unpropitious crop-making weather, through the growing season, when the mean of the summer months was from five to seven degrees below the previous ten years' average. What influence for bad this has had on the cotton crop and the three leading cereals, is stated in the following figures, in the commercial columns of leading Chicago newspapers: The cotton crop has decreased in value $44,000,000; corn, $461,000,000; wheat, $75,000,000; and oats, $25,000,000—these, our four leading products, $605,000,000. Under such a state of things prices must advance, for, with such figures before us, it is perfectly plain that though consumption has fallen off a great deal, it has not in such measures as the decrease in production.

—

THE British House of Lords at its last session rejected a bill permitting a widower to marry his dead wife's sister. This subject comes up every year, and while it passes the Commons by large majorities, it is annually defeated by small majorities by the Lords, temporal and spiritual. The debate on the motion brought out some curious statistics. It seems that marriage is once more a popular institution in Great Britain. Twenty-five years ago the middle-class Englishman was reluctant to marry. One of the popular songs of that day was, "Why don't the men propose, mamma?" And now marrying is again in order, but the old conditions of conjugal life are very greatly changed. There is more freedom in marriage. The wife as well as the husband, is more her own master. The former is no longer the mere echo of her consort, while the latter resents being tied to the apron-strings of his wife.

—

MR. BOOKWALTER, of Ohio, who, during his recent tour around the world, made a valuable collection of industrial information as of natural curiosities, is much impressed with the actual and prospective competition between the wheat growers of this country and those of India. "The fact is a significant one," he says, "that although the India farmer plows his ground with a forked stick, and employs in all respects the crudest methods of tillage, he succeeds in these conditions in raising an average of a little over eleven bushels of wheat per acre, varying but slightly from the average yield in America, where we have all the appliances of science and skilful methods of farming. This would seem to be sufficient evidence that the climate and soil of India are even more favorable to the growth of wheat than our own, and we are justified in inferring that if the same improved methods and appliances were employed in India, and with the same intelligence as here, the outturn per acre would be increased to a considerable extent over that of America."

—

THE Superintendent of the Columbus, O., Schools, says that the children "most difficult to control come from well-to-do and wealthy families. They are not vicious, disrespectful, or impolite, but they are indolent, and averse to doing anything contrary to their own sweet wills. The reason is evident. So long as the teacher can disguise the work as play, all is well; but when it becomes plain, hard and continuous work, and a little compulsion becomes necessary, trouble begins. Sometimes, in order to avoid trouble, teachers do the work for these pupils. The result in all such cases is the acquisition of some knowledge by the cramming process, but no increase in mental power. These pupils study only when under the eye of the teacher. This may do in the primary grades, but those pupils in the high and grammar grades should daily devote from one to two hours to uninterrupted study out of school. When children arrive at the age of twelve years they should have acquired a power of application and attention, have formed a habit of regular and systematic work, and have self-control enough to force themselves to the performance of unpleasant duties."

THE WEB OF LIFE.

BY J. C.

We stand at the wheel of life and spin,
And draw the life-threads to and fro,
And the dark and light go blending in,
As the daylights come and the daylights go.

And our feet grow tired of the weary tread,
And our hands grow tired with the endless toil;
But each human soul must spin its thread,
And wind and color it coil on coil.

We stand at the loom of life and weave
The garb that our souls must ever wear,
And look at the faded web and grieve
At the broken ends and the seams of care.

For we cannot see as the days go by,
And the wheel whirls on in its dull routine,
That we let the flaws run all away
And that in the web they will all be seen.

But all must stand at the wheel and spin,
And whether the woof be good or ill,
The robe that we meet our Maker in
Is woven here at the weaver's will.

To the spirit guiding its work with care,
A wiser than he will the web unroll,
And under the shuttle of patient prayer
Will the garment shine as a perfect whole!

The Doctor's Wife.

BY RANDALL W. BAYLE.

IT was a dull November evening, and I had been upon my feet all day; head and heart aching over pain and sorrow that I could do so little—so very little, to aid and comfort.

For I was a young physician, with a large practice among the very poor, and an income so narrow that I had to pinch and save.

My house was my own, a dismal, tumble-down mansion that had once held aristocratic owners.

But the tide of fashion had swept away from it, and I inherited it from a long-dead uncle, and kept it because nobody wanted to buy it.

Here, in the few habitable rooms, Martha, my housekeeper, cook, maid-of-all-work, and domestic tyrant, made my home as comfortable as our very small means allowed.

Whatever else of comfort failed me, I was always sure of a good fire.

It threw a red light upon my sitting-room as I entered, and I drew off my soaked boots, and ventured to order a cup of coffee.

I was sipping it contentedly, and congratulating myself that I was to have a long, pleasant evening, when an ominous ring at the bell startled me.

"Will you please tell the doctor Mrs. Rivers is took bad again?"

There was no help for it.

The last drops of fragrant coffee were hastily swallowed, and with one fond, lingering look at the ruddy, smiling grate, I was off again for a half mile tramp through the mud and slush.

I knew, as I plodded along, that my errand was a vain one.

Mrs. Rivers was dying of an incurable complaint.

But of all my many patients, there was not one who more strongly enlisted our sympathy than Mrs Rivers.

Living in a wretched attic, with scarcely food to eat, she bore in her face, voice, and manner the proof of refined culture and high breeding.

One child, a little girl of about ten years, was the companion of her poverty, the sole comfort of her dying hours.

It was pitiful to see the child, fair and painfully slender, waiting with womanly patience and self-control at the bedside of her mother.

I knew when I entered the room, upon the dull November night of which I write, that I need never again climb those steep stairs to give my poor aid to Mrs Rivers.

The paroxysm of acute pain was over, but death had drawn its fingers over the sufferer's brow, leaving his unmistakable traces there.

"Mama would not take the opiate," Lina whispered to me, "because she wanted to speak to you. I am to go downstairs, but you will call me as soon as you can, will you not?"

"As soon as she wishes it," I said, taking the little scarred hands in mine. "You shall not be kept from her, dear child."

She looked up gratefully, through a mist of unshed tears, and then went downstairs, while I drew up the only chair in the room, in answer to the soft, pleading eyes fixed upon me.

While strength was granted to her, Mrs. Rivers told me the sad story of her life, and gave into my care a few relics of better days, to keep for Lina.

For Lina!

That was the dying woman's only sorrow as she drew near to the land of shadows.

I, who knew how carefully the child had been guarded and cherished amidst her rough surroundings, understood only too well the agony of her mother's heart at the prospect of having her thrust into a workhouse.

A wild resolution came into my heart.

"Mrs. Rivers," I said, gravely and gently, "you have shown in the last hour that you trusted me in many things. Will you put one more trust in me?"

"Have you not been my kind, patient friend for many months?" she answered.

"Will you, then, trust Lina to my care while I try to find her relatives? I will be all a brother can be to her."

A flash of joy irradiated the wan, dying face.

"God bless you," she said. "May a mother's dying blessing rest ever upon your head."

"Amen," I whispered, as I went to call the child.

Then I returned to watch until the last, holding the slender little figure close to my side, glad in my inmost heart that I had long before won Lina's affection.

When the end came, she turned to me with a patient resignation heart-breaking to witness, in one so young.

"Mamma said I must be glad she was to have no more pain," she said, wistfully; "but it is very hard to be glad without her."

"Very hard," I replied, "unless you think all the time how happy she is now."

It was a deep dip into my slender funds to provide decent burial for the widow.

Martha did not take kindly to my adopted sister.

She sniffed and protested.

But knowing my will was law, when necessary, she submitted.

But she burdened the sensitive, loving heart with tales of my deprivations, not knowing how the gentle presence comforted me.

I would find Lina curled up in my chair, with a book open before her, reading by the firelight, but with traces of tears on her face.

She was over-eager to do me service.

I could not bear the thought of sending her to school, so I taught her in what leisure time I could command.

And while I could give her little beyond the brotherly care and protection I had promised her mother, I advertised for her relatives that might come any day and snatch her from me.

I tried to hope, for Lina's sake, that they would soon come to give her a luxurious home, but I knew my life would be sadly lonely, missing her.

When she would draw a low seat to my side, rest her golden head of curls upon my knee, lift her soft, brown eyes to mine, and talk in her low, sweet voice, I was conscious of a serene peace, such as my lonely life had seldom known.

I loved her very, very dearly, and I was all she had to love.

So we two, man and child, passed through the long winter, quietly happy in being together.

Spring had come, when I was summoned hastily to a railroad accident.

One of the first who demanded my care was an old chum of mine.

More than once I had thought of him in the long winter just passed, but I had no clue to his whereabouts.

When my painful duties were over, I returned to the low cot bed upon which he lay, and asked him something of his life, since our parting six years previous.

"Ah!" he said, "there have been many changes, old fellow. My father is dead, I am married, and have two baby boys."

"And where is your home?"

"It will be in N——, but I have been in this county but a few months. To tell the truth, I am here upon an errand at once sad and hopeful."

"What is that?"

"It is a long story. I had a sister whom I loved very fondly, and who was with my father when I went abroad, twelve years ago.

"Soon after my departure she married a scamp, a thoroughly bad man, who hoped to finger her inheritance.

"You know what women are. The more my father opposed the match, the more closely Caroline clung to the lover who was all-perfect in her eyes.

"In spite of all entreaty, all opposition, she married him, making a runaway match at length.

"My father threw her off, and after a few months of angry solitude in his old home, joined me in Paris.

"I wrote to Caroline, but never received any answer. When my father died less than a year ago, he repented his harshness to his only daughter.

"He would not alter his will, that left me a wealthy man, and my sister a beggar, but he begged of me to find her and divide the inheritance.

"I had made my home in Paris, and married a French lady, so that I could not at once leave that city and take possession of my home in N——, and my father's property.

"But as soon as I could I came to England. One of the first newspapers I opened advertised for me or my father, in my sister's name, and begged me to send my address to this place. I only waited to establish my family in their new home, and came here."

"Seeking Caroline Rivers?"

"Ah! you know?"

"Yes, for the advertisement is mine."

Then I told him of his sister's death, and where he would find his niece.

"I have your sister's marriage certificate, that of her husband's death, and Lina's birth, and some few inexpensive trinkets she said that you would recognize."

I cannot dwell upon it.

My little household fairy drifted out of my life again, leaving a blank darkness nothing would lighten.

Her uncle was only slightly hurt, and in less than a week was journeying back to N——, carrying Lina to the ideal home I had often imagined for her.

Even Martha was sorry when she was gone.

In the seven years that followed I rose in my profession by dint of hard work and study.

It was uphill work, but I neared the top by steady application, and was already in easy circumstances, when I fell heir to a moderate fortune.

Not a vast estate, but sufficient for ease from pecuniary care for my life-time.

Soon after this came to me, a letter reached my home from my old friend, Gordon Walters.

We had never corresponded, but he wrote—

"Lina is quite ill, with the same disease, I think, of which poor Caroline died. We have had the best advice for her, but she fancies that you, and you alone, can cure her. Can you come and try your skill for her? It is useless for me to tell you how profound will be our gratitude if you can help her."

It had been a theory of mine that this same disease, always considered incurable, could be eradicated from the system if taken in time.

Its inroads were made so gradually that, as a rule, the patient applied for relief only when it was too late.

Never can I forget the expression of the pale face when I first stood beside her.

A thrill of joy unutterable filled my heart when I read there certainty that I had been held in loving remembrance during all the long years of seperation.

In our many long talks I learned that all the love lavished upon her, the happiness of her new home, the advantages of education she highly prized, had never shaken her tender memory of our winter together.

I could not have my practice in one city, and Lina under my care in another, so I sold my home and came to N——.

All the gentle patience of her girlhood was needed for the course of treatment I was compelled to prescribe, but she never questioned the wisdom of the harshest measures, or shrank from any remedy I advised.

So, together, my patient and I won back the boon of health to the young frame, and I proved my theory by curing Lina of the hereditary illness we had all feared would end her young life.

And while I strove to master the disease, I found my love for the child I had taken to my poor home was but the beginning of my manhood's one strong love.

My profession had filled heart and brain for many long years, and my lonely life had known no sunshine so bright as the winter visit of my child love.

But in this intercourse of more mature years I learned that God-sent lesson of true and perfect love, lacking which no life is complete.

And I won an answering devotion from the fair, sweet maiden, who seemed but my own tender, loving child come back to me.

In all her years in her uncle's home, the petted darling there, my Lina had lost nothing of that modest grace and patient sweetness of her child life.

She seemed too fair and gentle for this rough world.

When I told her she was well, needing no more my skill or care, she lifted her eyes with a strange fear there.

"Well," she answered, "does that mean that you will leave me alone again?"

Then I told her how I loved her, and the sweet face rested upon my bosom, and the low voice answered—

"I have loved you since first I saw you! You will not leave me again?"

"Never!"

And I have kept my word.

There was no voice raised in opposition when I sought my bride, and once more my fireside is brightened, my home cheered, my heart made happy, by the gentle presence of Lina, my wife.

A Woman's Hate.

BY PERCY HERBERT.

THE June moonlight was almost bright as day, and standing in the open French window, her hands clutching the lace curtains with a grip as fierce as fate itself, Ethelind Heath could see Miller Joyce and Miss Remington, as, arm in arm, they walked up and down the wide path in front of the house, and with a satisfied way that nearly drove her mad.

She was a slight, graceful girl, this Ethelind Heath, with dark, Spanish eyes that, just now, were gleaming like kindling coals, whose brightness deepened and intensified with ominous swiftness, as she stood, like a statue, clutching the delicate lace curtains as if they had been a doom she had sworn to conquer, and staring at the two out in the sweet, soft moonlight.

Not a gesture, not an occasional louder word, not a bend of Miller Joyce's handsome head, not a note of the girl's low, melodious, laugh, escaped her.

She watched her bosom rising and falling rapidly, in time to the passionate pulsing of her heart.

She listened, the pallor of her face increasing, while two flame fires burst on either cheek, and once, when the girl raised her head, and looked up into his handsome face with an undefinable gesture that Ethelind's woman's jealousy told her meant so much, then a low, angry cry, almost hissing in its sudden sharpness, came surging between the set teeth—the quivering lips.

"And for this I have come to Fernwald!

It implied more than it expressed, that one sentence she uttered—involuntarily—as she turned away from the window, and walked with unsteady step out of the drawing-room, through the music room, and into the dimness and fragrance of the conservatory beyond, where, while Miller Joyce and Fay Remington walked to and fro, for minutes that were blissfully short to them, were fearfully long to her, Ethelind Heath, in a dark nook under a spreading lemon tree, crouched in a white, trembling, pulsing heap, as she reviewed all the treachery of the man she loved, the man who had sworn he loved her, the man whose rich, sweet voice came occasionally to her ears, as he talked with Fay Remington.

For this, then, this desertion of her standard, this ardent enlistment under another banner, Miller Joyce had half-reluctantly consented to accompany her on a visit to Fernwald.

Now, it would be with complete reluctance he would be obliged to leave Fernwald and Fernwald's young mistress, even with Ethelind Heath, the passion-hearted girl, who, as he walked in the moonlight with Fay, was frantically twisting the opal and pearl engagement ring on her hot, throbbing finger.

She was thoroughly aroused, this gipsy-faced girl, with slumbrous fires in her eyes when her life was calm and even, with a tempest of raging flame in them now.

"I want to know what accursed fate brought me here? I want to know what I have done, that the great happiness of my life is taken out of my hand, and by her—by her!"

She did not utter the thoughts that were boiling in her brain—people never soliloquize unless they are idiotic—but by the haunted look in her eyes, the dumb wrath and anguish around her tense mouth, if you could have seen her, you could have almost guessed her thoughts

He had not been her first lover.

Other men had sued for her favor, and raved over her heartlessness, when the secret was that her heart was sealed, waiting for the master hand to send its leaping waters forth.

And Miller Joyce had been the man.

Ethelind Heath loved him—for once, for ever—with a constancy, a fervor, a jealousy, that made all of life to her from the moment he kissed her—his betrothed wife.

And now, to-night, after only seven weeks of unalloyed content, this!

As she sat there, a shade among shadows, Ethelind tried to assure herself of the impossibility of her lover's falsity.

Then, when her jealous heart, indignantly, persistently refused the doubt, she knew that of the two out yonder in the summer night, she hated one—to death!

Not him, ah, not him with his handsome face and his courtly air.

Not him that had wooed her with words that made her heart throb now to remember; and for a second, Ethelind wished she might hate him, rather than this soul-sickening yearning for him that all her pride could not control.

But that other, with the dark, violet eyes, into which Miller Joyce had looked.

With the white brow, the tiny curls of yellow gold hair, with the bright smile, the winning way, the——

Her figure quivered with rage as she mentally enumerated Fay Remington's charms; and then she shrank from her low seat like a tigress who scents the prey.

"Like a fool I sit here and leave them to their own way! like a fool I have let them have their own way, that now—now—ah, my flossy-haired beauty, if you knew a tithe of what is in store for you!—if you even dreamed of what my hatred of you has devised, you would have left my lover alone!"

Then, as Miller Joyce and Miss Remington entered the drawing-room by one door, Ethelind entered by another—calm as a June sky, unruffled as a lake at a windless noontide, to meet Fay's honest, fearless eyes.

"If I have kept your liege too long, Ethel scold me, and not him. He really was not to blame."

Her sweet, girlish voice came laughingly to Ethelind as she was crossing the floor.

"No? How kind of you you to absolve Mr. Joyce! I fear I shall not be so lenient. Fay, I wish you would play that opperetta I mentioned yesterday."

Then, while the girl's fingers were flying over the keys in perfect rushes of melody, Ethelind beckoned to Joyce, who lingered by the window.

"I fear you are establishing the reputation of a recreant knight. However, I am not afraid of you," she said, in a strange, hollow tone of voice, and with a strange look in her eyes.

He leaned his handsome head near her—so near he might have stolen a kiss from her glowing pink cheek.

"Thank you, my darling. You need not be afraid of my disloyalty. Miss Remington is a charming girl, but you—are my sweetheart."

For an instant it seemed to Ethelind there was something inexpressibly sweet, tender, and proud in his low words; then she was as positive there was a hidden sarcasm in them.

"Yes, I am," she said to herself, as they sat and listened to "Fiorella;" and if the words had been spoken, their bitterness of tone would have thrilled one strangely.

* * * * * * *

And yet, there was no perceptible trace of the hot, unreasonable fury raging in her breast, in her cool, calm voice as she addressed Fay Remington an hour later, in Fay's bedroom.

"You are really going down to the old Red Mills to-morrow, and alone, Fay?"

Fay turned a laughing face towards Ethelind.

"To-morrow, and alone. Are you shocked that I dare so abuse the proprieties, or were you about to offer your company? To tell the honest truth, Ethie, I prefer to go alone, for I am determined to finish my sketch of the old bridge and wheel.

"If you go, I will talk all the time—so I don't want you, dear. Mr. Joyce offered to escort me, but I forbade him."

Ethelind's eyes flamed.

"He did?" she said, quickly.

Then, with wonderfully assumed calmness, went on—

"If you prefer to go alone, all right.

"Only be very careful in crossing that narrow planking they call a bridge. It makes me dizzy to think of it—the boards are so small and insecure, and the water boils so angrily beneath there."

She watched Fay closely, as the girl took down her beautiful hair.

"You are kind, Ethel; but never worry about me. I am clear-headed, and sure-footed."

And as they said good-night, there was murder in Ethelind Heath's eyes.

It was very quiet, away out in the lonely countryside, a mile from any house, with only the sweet noises of birds and bees, and the fall of the water over the old, half-ruined dam.

Three hours before, Fay Remington had gone singing down the narrow path, over the rattling little bridge, and into the old grey, mossy walled mill, sketch-book in hand.

Now Ethelind Heath crept along the lonely path, with the thundering of the water drowning every step she took.

With dilated eyes, and trembling hands, she worked—desperately, with ten times her natural strength; she worked with insane fury in her heart, and that same awful look in her eyes.

Board by board she tore up the flimsy planking of the bridge, and sent them floating down the whirling stream; the dim dusk coming on just as she had turned to go home, hiding her bleeding hands with her thick gloves.

"I'll teach her to steal my lover from me! When she comes suddenly around that angle at the corner of the mill, she'll never notice the bridge is gone, and then—then"—Ethelind shivered—"she'll know what it means to cross my path."

She quickened her pace, and hurried homeward, her face recovering some of its colour but looking so woefully wild that Miller Joyce stopped her in alarm as they met at the gate.

"Ethie darling, what is the matter? Are you faint?—are you sick? Where have you been? Aunt Agnes has been so worried that you were out so late; and Fay hasn't come, either."

A horrible coldness seized her. No Fay hadn't come home.

She essayed to smile, but it was quite a failure.

"I believe I am sick, Miller. I was walking towards the village, and the sun seemed so hot, and my head hurt so. I will go to my room."

"Then you did not go to meet Fay? We thought perhaps you had. You went in the opposite direction, then?"

"Yes, just the opposite direction," she said, faintly.

"You had better go upstairs, dear," Miller said, tenderly; "aunt will attend to you, and Fay'll be coming soon; she can take care of you nicely."

Ethelind laid her white, cold hand—stained a red that was only visible to her own wild, staring eyes—on his sleeve.

"You are always talking of Fay, Miller Joyce. Who do you love best of us two?"

Miller's eyes looked searchingly in Ethelind's; then he answered, quite gravely—

"Have you been so jealous as that, my darling? I have been foolish, perhaps, in not telling you a secret I have discovered since I came to Fernwald—which I kept for Fay's own sake, but which I think you should know, especially since you love me so well as to be jealous of my attentions to—my sister-in-law."

He had expected to see surprise, but he was hardly prepared for the sudden, despairing horror that surged over her face.

"Your sister-in-law!" she repeated.

"Yes—brother Will's wife—since early in the spring, when for various reasons, there was a secret marriage. To-morrow is Fay's birthday, when she will be legally her own mistress, and Will is coming to claim her."

"Take me—upstairs, I am—deathly sick!"

Ah she was truly deathly sick! What had she done—she a miserable human being, to take a life in her hands?

She crept up the stairs, and locked herself in her room, positively refusing to see a face.

Then, she endured all the terrors and tortures that lost souls suffer; then, with remorse at her heart, with unwailing penitence, she grovelled on the floor, wrung by passions that shook her as the storm outside, so suddenly arisen, shook the lilies.

Below stairs she heard a sudden commotion, then, a heavy, slow tramp of men's feet.

A giddy horror seized her; they were bringing it home—bright beautiful Fay, with water dripping from her hair—with staring, stony eyes, and——

A scream of fear and horror rose to her lips; then, with a dull, heavy sound, she fell unconscious across the threshold.

* * * * * * *

A pair of despairing eyes, from which all joy seemed to have taken its everlasting flight—Ethelind Heath's eyes, slowly opened to consciousness again, nearly twenty-four hours from the time when she had fallen across the threshold, fainting from terror and remorse.

Now in the sunset they wearily opened—to meet Fay Remington's tender, anxious, looking in her own.

"Ethie, darling, thank God; you have opened those dear eyes again!"

A low moaning wail from Ethelind's lips, then a sharp, hysterical cry, then—as the blessed truth came fully to her—that Fay was alive, the tears came in cool, rushing torrents.

"Fay! Fay! this is too much! Can I ever thank God enough?"

"I never thought you loved me so, dear, but Miller says when the men carried poor old Jenks in, when he had one of his terrible fits last night, that you surely must have feared it was me, for you screamed frightfully and they found you on the floor."

Ethelind gazed at the girl's bright, happy face.

"But you—you, Fay; you didn't come home, and—I—was so alarmed."

A solemn gravity crossed Fay's countenance.

"It was God's mercy, dear, that I went around by Allie Dean's instead of coming straight home. The rain surprised me, as I sat sketching, and if I had not gone through the back door of the mill I would not have been here. The creek had arisen, and the planks were all washed away."

"But never mind; you're safe now; and happy. For to-day your husband comes, doesn't he?"

"Yes to-day. Miller said he told you. We will all be happy won't we?"

* * * * * * *

Happy—very quietly happy, perhaps with a great eternal thankfulness that she had been saved a terrible sin; but never again the Ethelind of other days; never merry, joyous again.

And Miller loves the gentle, subdued girl better than ever before, and wonders what has changed her so; but he, or no one else, ever dreamed how often she goes alone to her chamber, and kneels and thanks God for his mercy, and implores His renewed forgiveness.

Waiting.

BY ERNEST WARREN.

It is the evening of a military ball at Trowchester, and the Assembly Rooms are brilliantly illuminated and decorated.

Outside there is the throng of carriages usual to such occasions, and the orthodox crowd of spectators collected to criticise the appearance of arriving guests.

Inside in the large ball-room, the gay uniforms, the bright dresses, the sparkling jewels and no less sparkling smiles, the tiny, swiftly moving feet, the glittering spurs, the profusion of light and color, and the sweet rich odor of the flowers which line and conceal the many little tete-a-tete concerns and recesses, combine to form a scene not easily forgotten, and two present will remember it to their lives' end,

The centre of a goodly group, mainly composed a gallant sons of Mars, is a slender, graceful girl, with dark hair and lips red as a pomegranate-blossom,

Glistening, dew-dipped water-lilies nestle in her bosom, and fasten back her sea-green skirts.

She is Edith Wyndham, the only daugher of the richest mill-owner in the town, and the acknowledged belle of the evening.

With ready repartee and merry laugh she bears her part in the lively conversation going on, adroitly parrying all entreaties to join the dancers, or retire to the cooler atmosphere of the temporary conservatory with some favored cavalier.

Every now and then, however, a weary, inaudible sigh escapes her, and she watches the door with furtive anxiety. Suddenly the delicate bloom on her cheeks deepens, and the eyes, over which the lids so shyly droop, are shining like stars.

A gentleman who had just entered makes his way towards her. He is attired in civilian's evening-dress, and she quietly greets him as "Mr. Grantley."

"You have remembered your promise, I hope?" he says, in a low tone.

"Yes," she answers without looking up; "I have reserved two dances."

He stoops down to whisper his thanks, which are apparently very eloquent and expressive.

"This is our gallop," she says, hurriedly rising from her seat

In another moment they are floating away to the mad music of the "Royal Mail," and many an admiring glance follows them.

No wonder either, for their dancing is perfection, and their good looks are undeniable. They are a well contrasted couple. She is of the pure dark type of beauty, and he is fair and Saxon in style. His figure is tall and stalwart; his face is frank and faithful, with a firm mouth, a rather blunt nose, and keen blue eyes. His hair is closely cropped, but it asserts its independence nevertheless in many a wilful twist and curl.

Presently when the dance is over, he asks:

"Shall you be at home to-morrow afternoon?"

"Yes, I think so," she rejoins, nervously playing with her bouquet.

"That is well; for I want to see you. I can never get you by yourself for even a scanty ten minutes, and I am growing quite desperate. You will be alone?" he adds, bending nearer.

"Perhaps; but I may have other callers, you know," she makes reply, with just a soupcon of mischief.

"But for once you can deny yourself to anyone else. I must see you alone; I can't say what I have to say in all this Babel and confusion. Promise me now that there shall be no one else there?"

She hesitates; but catching sight of another partner bearing down upon them with the evident intention of claiming her, she gives the desired promise.

* * * * * * * *

A husband and darkened chamber; the firelight flickering as though in sympathy with the human flame so near its expiring; the furniture handsome and costly, and the heavy, brocaded bed-hangings drawn back, for there, propped up on many pillows, the master of the stately mansion lies dying.

Listen! There is the muffled bustle of an arrival below, and on the stairs sound hasty, approaching footsteps. The dim, sunken eyes, that for long hours have never ceased their weary watch of the door, loose their terribly strained expression, and from the parched lips come a murmured "Thank Heaven!"

"Father!"

"My boy—my boy!"

The doctors and the housekeepers have retired, and those two are left together. The father but yesterday hale and hearty, and bearing his years with the dignity of health and strength, to-day stricken unto death; and the son, summoned with all speed from a scene of festivity and mirth, worn with travelling and suspense.

The old man turns his head with a look of unspeakable anguish.

"Do you know all, Ralph?" he asks, almost in a whisper.

"Yes, sir," is the concise reply. "Are not the papers full of the failure of the old-established house of Grantley and Co.?"

"I have been so blind and credulous. I trusted Curtis implicity, and he hoodwinked and deceived me. He has absconded, and I"—bitterly wails the weak voice—"I am dying, leaving the stain of ruin and disgrace on our name—our name, that has never been sullied before! Oh! if I might but have lived to wipe it away—to restore it to its untarnished integrity. But you are young Ralph; you have years of life before you. Oh! my son—my son, will you do this work for me? will you make reparation in my stead? It is a hard heritage to leave you; but I cannot die happy unless you undertake it. I have been so proud of the honor of my name, and I—oh! woe is me!—I have been the one to drag it down from its high place. I——"

In his excitement he has raised himself, his hands grasping his son's arm, his voice gathering power from intense emotion, and his face convulsed with wild entreaty. Suddenly the illusive strength deserts him, and he falls back panting and breathless.

In dire alarm Ralph summons assistance, and restoratives are promptly administered. They have the effect of restoring consciousness for a short time longer, and Ralph resumes his former place.

In obedience to a beseeching gesture he lowers his head to the level of the poor, quivering mouth.

"Will you give me this promise, Ralph? Will—you—pay—all claims—I cannot—prepare to die—till my mind—is at rest."

With infinite effort, and in short choking gasps, comes this last appeal

It is a solemn responsibility to undertake, and Ralph knows it. Time and opportunity may fail, or at least he must devote the choicest years of his manhood to a thankless task. For it he must relinquish many a golden dream, many a fair hope.

With the quick perception of a clear, decided brain he has counted the cost; but hard must the heart be that can deny a death-bed request.

"Father, Heaven helping me, I will do as you wish."

An expression of complete content and easement steals over the haggard features, and the fluttering clasp of the fingers speaks the thanks which speech is powerless now to do.

Four hours later and George Grantley has played out his part on the world's stage, and "finis" may be written at the end of his life's drama. He has journed to

"The undiscovered country, from whose borne
No traveler returns."

* * * * * *

Eleven years years passed away.

It is a warm, balmy evening in the beginning of May.

The clock at the little lodge, is striking six as a gentleman enters the iron gates of the court, a spacious rambling old-fashioned house, standing in extensive grounds on the outskirts of Trowchester.

As he walks quickly along the smoothly gravelled drive, and the shifting light from the trees on either side falls upon him, it is not difficult to recognise Ralph Grantley.

Time has dealt kindly with him, or rather time has but added to the gift which nature had already bestowed upon him.

His figure is as erect and well set-up as of yore, and his face has gained an expression of calm control and of gentle manliness that makes Ralph Grantley one to whom women and children instinctively turn for succor or protection, and never in vain.

He has obeyed his father's dying behest.

There is no shadow on the old name now, no taint of reproach can cling to it.

The streaks of gray that are here and there discernable in the fair hair and curling beard tell how sharp the struggle has been.

He has sacrificed at the altar of stern uncompromising duty; but to-day there is no memory of bygone trials to cloud his brow.

He dreams only of the possibilities of the near future.

"Is Miss Wyndham at home?" he inquires of the footman, who promptly appears in answer to his summons at the bell.

"Yes, sir."

"Will you ask her to grant me the favor of a short interview?"

"What name, sir?"

"No name."

The man is to well trained to express surprise as he ushers the visitor across the wide paved hall into the morning-room, a pleasant, flower scented apartment, with a home-like litter of books, and music, and work, about it.

He is not long kept waiting.

There is a rustle of silken garments without, the door is quietly opened, and the lady he desired to see is before him.

Overpowering agitation renders him silent and motionless.

His thoughts fly back to a vision of long ago.

A vision of a crowded ball room, with music gaily playing, and whirling figures sweeping by, of a green robed maiden, with archly smiling lips, standing by his side—a maiden in the first flush of girlish beauty, and radiant with the joyousness of a youth that has known neither care or sorrow.

Now he beholds a graceful woman, the promise of early loveliness brought to maturity, gracious in presence and self-possessed in manner, with tender, hopeful patience, and sweet cheerfulness written in the curves of the sensitive mouth and shining out from the depths of the dark eyes.

Such a one might the poet have had in mind when he wrote of

"A perfect woman nobly planned."

"You wished, I think——" she begins, courteously, a little stiffly, for Ralph stands with his back to the window, and she imagines herself addressing a stranger.

He moves quickly towards her.

With a subdued cry she recognizes him, and her cheeks grow ashen white.

She essays to falter out some polite greeting, some commonplace welcome; but the words die away ere her tongue can give them utterance.

He takes her hands in his, his own face very pale and his voice very rugged and broken.

"Do you remember the last time we met, and the request I made you then?"

She bowed her head mutely.

"Did you guess? ah, surely you must, what I had intended to ask you the next day?

Again she signifies a mute assent.

"Am I too late? Oh! love—love, may I, dare I, ask that question now?"

The slender fingers lie passive in his clasp, the drooping head is raised, the steadfast eyes look bravely up, though every limb is trembling, as she answers:

"I have waited for you; I knew you would come some day."

A Deathless Love.—A lady is the proud and happy possessor of a pair of the sweetest little mites of dogs that can be imagined—no bigger than her own little fists, and with the sweetest long, silky hair.

She stayed them with cakes and comforted them with kisses, and her banner over them was general foolishness.

One morning the maid comes with tears in her eyes to announce the fatal news that one of the little darlings had expired in the course of the night of indigestion.

A fearful scene ensues, but when the three doctors have got the lady out of her hysterical attack, she rings and sends for the furrier, and sobs:

"Oh, you must make me a muff out of the skin of my poor, dear little Paquita. I will always wear it to re-re-mind me of——"

"Yes, madam, but the dear departed was so small that her lamented hide would only make a muff of miss's size."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite, madam."

"Then," bursting into tears and pointing to the twin sister of the deceased, sleeping on its silken cushion, "take this one's hide, too!"

Nebuchadnezzar ate grass, my son, because he was living at a college boarding-house and had to fill up on something, and grass seemed to combine more nutrition and cheapness than anything else on the bill of fare.

Important Testimony.

We commend the following from a gentleman in Providence, R. I., to the careful perusal of all who doubt the great curative value of our treatment. After questioning, and hesitating he finally became alarmed at his condition, which was steadily growing worse, and resolved to give Compound Oxygen a trial. What it did for him is best told in his own words. he says:

"I commenced the use of Compound Oxygen after a good deal of thought, and, as far as in my power, careful study of the different cases which had been finally testified to as to the great benefit received, but not without many misgivings of its great curative power. I had been running down, consequent upon hard office work and close confinement for many years, until I took the business of train conductor in hope of a benefit from out-door exercise.

In my reduced state I took cold at the very commencement, which, after a five weeks' struggle, threw me into typhoid pneumonia. It was at this time I resolved to see for myself how far you had succeeded in accomplishing what you desire—that of conferring a great benefit upon your fellow beings by giving them this great remedy, so seemingly simple and at so little cost, and I am truly thankful to-day that I had the courage to undertake what so few would advise under the circumstances.

From a weak and feeble state I have attained to something like my old self. Bronchial trouble is less, shortness of breath and heart trouble have decreased. I feel better generally, and begin to think there may be something of life left for me yet."

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia.

A Mere Child.

BY PERCY HERBERT.

A MEANLY-FURNISHED low-ceiled sitting-room, with a paraffine lamp on the table, shedding all its light on what came immediately beneath it, in consequence of a green cardboard shade that kept the rest of the room in darkness.

Within the circle of light an inkstand, a sheet of notepaper, and a brown hand writing thereon these words:

"It will not be so very dull, for I have met with some old acquaintances who live here in summer—those pretty Granger girls that were at Henderson's ball, and one or two other places last winter. Their father has asked me to go and see them—tennis, and so forth. Rather jolly! I have found some rare specimens of fern—wall spleenwort, rusa muraria, and several fungi I never saw before. How am I? Never better. This air is like so much new life to me. Love to the pater and yourself from

"Your affectionate son,

"CLEMENT MOORE."

The pen was laid down, the letter placed in an envelope; the letter directed, and a stamp dabbed on sideways in the corner.

Then the writer pushed back his chair, [illegible].

"[illegible] my duty. Now for a little pleasure. Wonder whether they're at home. Only eight. I'll go and see."

He went out in the passage, stooping to avoid knocking his head as he passed through the low doorway, which was never meant to admit six feet of humanity.

"Mrs Grant!" he called, taking from its peg a soft felt hat.

"Yes, sir," came from the direction of the kitchen.

"I'm going out—shall be in by ten, perhaps sooner. You need n't get any supper ready."

"Very well, sir."

A ten minutes' walk in the cool evening air, and he was in the centre of a family party, greeting those he knew, being introduced to others, and sitting down amongst them, half bewildered by the light and buzz of voices.

But Clement Moore knew how to adapt himself to circumstances.

The youngest child was soon on his knee, while he divided his conversation between her and her father—between anecdotes of a wonderful dog he possessed and the failure of the hop crop.

"You are staying at Grant's farm, are you not?" asked the motherly-looking mistress of the house. "Do they make you comfortable?"

"Pretty well," he answered, passing his hand gently over the little one's yellow curls. "They mean to, so I don't grumble. Mrs. Grant is a kind old soul, and not a bad cook."

"You came for your health, I think you said?" inquired Louy, the clever one of the family, raising her dark eyebrows interrogatively.

"Yes; and I like this better than the seaside, because I go in for a little botanizing as a rule in my holidays. The fact was, I came to grief on my bicycle—broke my leg—and was laid up for an unconscionable time, and now I've thrown over the doctor, and come down here to recruit."

His eye fell, unconsciously to himself, on the third sister, Zoe, whose small, oval face was full of interest.

She was [illegible] about sixteen years of age, with golden [illegible] hair, cut short and curling about her head.

[illegible] looked towards Marian, who was busy at some dainty fancy work, over which her pretty hands looked very expert, and her fair face very intent.

"They are generally artists who come to stay at Mrs. Grant's," she said, looking up for a minute. "Do you sketch at all, Mr. Moore?"

"Not I, Miss Granger. I wish I could," he added, with a meaning look, that made her color.

This was the first of many evenings spent at the Grangers', for the young man found the family gathering, more pleasant than his own society; and also, though he did not say so, more pleasant than any he had known in his own home.

"To-morrow is the last of these pleasant holidays," he said, regretfully, one afternoon, at the conclusion of a game of tennis. "I must be idle no longer. And we have never been over to that ruin you mentioned."

"The castle? You really want to see it!" said Louy. "Well, can't we all go to-morrow?"

"I should like it of all things. Have you any objection, Miss Granger?"

"I? Oh, no!" Marian answered, quickly. "And Zoe, of course?"

"Oh, yes, Zoe must come!" and he smiled down at the little girl who was standing silently near.

"I will see," she replied, doubtfully.

"Good-bye, then, for the present," he said, shaking hands with the elder girls first; and then, instead of taking Zoe's outstretched fingers, he bent down and kissed them.

"Good-bye, little one," he said, laughing. "Mind you are to come with us—or I don't mean to go."

Zoe's cheek became deeply suffused. She gave him a look of indignation and outraged pride, then turned and fled.

"Why, who would have thought——" he began, somewhat [illegible], as he saw the [illegible] the others.

"I suppose," said Louy, coldly, "that you [illegible] Mr. Moore. Zoe is [illegible]."

"[illegible]teen!" he repeated. "[illegible]"

"She is indeed!" Marian answered. "She always looked young; but last winter she was ill, and had her hair cut off, and since then she looks worse than ever."

Moore colored hotly himself now. Then with a half apology, he ran off across the lawn in the direction he had seen her take.

He soon found her, sitting in a little arbor overhung with clematis, with her face hidden, bitterly crying.

Finding she did not move, he was half inclined to go back.

"Miss Granger," he said, successfully resisting the impulse.

She started, and began hastily to dry her eyes.

"Yes."

"I beg your pardon. I had no idea—how could I have?—that you were not a child."

She looked so very small, and so heart-broken, and at the same time so pretty, that Clement felt half tempted to take her in his arms like the child he had thought her.

"Can't you forgive me?" he asked, humbly. "You make me feel so terribly guilty. The fact was, I never noticed you much, or I could not have made such a mistake."

Zoe looked up with a faint smile.

"The first time I met you," she said, irrelevantly, "at a party last winter, you said to [illegible] 'What a pity to keep that child up [illegible]' she ought to have been in bed hours ago!"

"I did not know we had ever met before. I remember your sisters."

"It is very unfortunate to be so insignificant," said she, her lip quivering again. "I daresay you think me very silly; but you can't guess how hard it is sometimes to be so completely overlooked!"

Moore [illegible] down at the slight, shapely form, less than four feet in height, as [illegible] if he saw it for the first time.

"[illegible]," he said, "I must have [illegible] you a hundred times by my stupidity. Well, I shall know better in future."

His face expressed so much contrition, that she laughed outright.

"I don't bear you any malice, Mr. Moore. There's my hand on it."

He held it for a minute.

"Prove it, then, by coming with us to-morrow."

"Very well. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Clement, and left her.

A word more with the other two, and then he was gone; and Louy and Marian walked down a garden path arm-in-arm.

"He's very nice," said Louy.

"Very handsome," her sister said, with a sigh; "but he's very——very——"

As she paused for a word, Louy nodded.

"Unimpressionable. Depend upon it, there is someone in London."

After these mysterious words two more [illegible] have been heard, and anyone [illegible] the sisters were silent, [illegible].

[illegible], and did not dare [illegible].

The [illegible] Clement found the three [illegible] their [illegible] to start, with the young [illegible].

"I [illegible] won't object to my [illegible] time," he said, [illegible]. "I always take it when I'm going any distance. Three miles I think you said?"

They chose by mutual consent the "short cut" across the fields, the said short cut taking a much longer time than the following of the road would have done.

There were so many stiles to climb, and over every one Moore had to help Marian, who was very helpless and nervous.

Then he made an attempt each time to assist Zoe, who as frequently declined, and nimbly surmounted them by herself.

Louy, too, was independant.

She was even a little sarcastic, for Zoe's ear, at the amount of laughing, and pretty awkwardness, and holding of Clement's hand, before Marian was safely landed in each new meadow.

And then—Oh horror! there was a field of cows to be crossed.

And Marian was dreadfully afraid of cows.

What should they do.

"I thought you ladies who live in the country were more courageous," said Moore, as the girls came to a standstill. "Shall I go and send them farther away from the path?"

"Oh no, for then they would be sure to run this way." And Marian looked absolutely pale.

"Come along, then, and take my arm," said he, laughing. "I'll undertake to pilot you safely through, and then come back for the others."

But Louy and Zoe had seen cows before, and followed without waiting for a protector.

And very soon they were in the road, the uninteresting dusty road, with no stiles and no wild beasts to encounter.

"Ah!" exclaimed Moore, suddenly, "there's the moonwort! I must get it up, if you ladies will wait a minute."

He produced a little trowel from his pocket, and plunged his hand in among the long grass to separate it from the fronds of the fern.

Immediately there was a slight hissing sound, and Zoe sprang forward in time to see something glide slowly into a hole in the bank.

She turned toward Moore as pale as death.

"What a narrow es——" she began, before she realized that his face also wore an unusual expression. "Oh, Mr. Moore, it didn't sting you?"

For answer he turned up his coat cuff, and displayed a couple of little marks of teeth.

"Was it a viper?" he ask and Zoe nodded.

A quick exclamation, a sigh, and a slight rustle, and Marian was lying in the road unconscious, with Louy bending over her.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish," muttered Clement, putting the tiny wound to his mouth and sucking it. "Not very dangerous is it?"

"Yes, rather," said Zoe, with a shiver, and a glance at her sister. "Come, the Castle Inn is only about half a mile! Do come, quick! never mind them! She is coming to!"

She seized his arm and he stood irresolute, and half dragged him along for a few steps, when he gave way to her earnest entreaty and walked quickly on beside her.

"Brandy is the best thing," panted Zoe, who had hard work to keep up with him.

"Are they ever—fatal?" the young man asked a few minutes later, with assumed nonchalance.

"No, that is, very seldom. A severe illness is the worst that could result, I think. Is it painful?"

"No," said Moore, telling an unblushing fib, as he glanced down at the white little face by his side.

A sudden idea flashed into Zoe's mind.

"Stop a minute!" she cried, snatching out a dainty pocket-handkerchief. "No give me yours, it will be longer. That's it; now turn up your sleeve."

She bound his handkerchief as tightly as she could around his arm, a little way above the wound.

"I can improve that," he said, and thrust his pocket knife between the folds to tighten it. "Thanks my child," he added, and forgetting his resolve to remind her no more of her juvenile appearance.

They hurried on again, and were soon in the inn parlor, surrounded quickly by a little group of curious and sympathizing women.

Zoe dispatched someone for the doctor, and set to work apparently to reduce Clement Moore to a state of intoxication.

She forced him to drink glass after glass of brandy, and he obstinately refused to take another drop.

She pleaded, insisted, implored him tearfully, but he remained firm.

"If I have any more, I shall not know what I am doing," he said in her ear; and finding him so resolved, she desisted and longed for the doctor.

That gentleman arrived at last, and set their minds at rest.

He apprehended no worse result than a good deal of pain. Thanks to the prompt steps already taken.

They had to return home rather crestfallen, in a vehicle obtained at the inn, picking up the other two girls at a cottage where they had been waiting for Marian to recover from her faintness.

She was a good deal reassured at the sight of Moore apparently none the worse—the only effect of his wound being an unusually silent mood, from which he had not recovered when they parted at the Grangers' own door; he retaining the vehicle to take him on to Grant's Farm.

"I must thank you some other time," he said, in a low voice to Zoe, as he handed her out of the chaise: and she, with forehead puckered into sympathetic lines, asked, in the same key:

"It is very bad?"

He shook his head, lifted his hat, stepped in, and was driven off, waiting till he was out of sight of the house before sinking back with eyes closed, and with a sigh of relief at the freedom from his self-imposed restraint.

Mrs. Granger sent down to the farm the next day to inquire after him, receiving for reply that he was very well and would call the next day.

However he did not come; and when two or three had passed without any Clement, a certain amount of anxiety was felt though not expressed.

"Louy," said Marian, one night when they were alone, "I firmly believe he likes Zoe better than either of us. I am not jealous—but who would have thought it! Such a child as she looks!"

She glanced into her mirror, but saw only a blurred reflection.

And Louy kissed her gently, but answered nothing.

Zoe was never taken into their confidences. She was always left out, even in her own family, being still looked upon as "so very young."

Clement Moore, having written home to say that he should stay where he was for another week, spent two days in bed and one in an easy chair.

On the forth he emerged from the latticed porch, with the intention of acquainting his friends with his recovery.

He had not gone far along the road before he espied two or three small figures in a meadow off to the right. He leapt the stile and made for them.

As he had thought, they were Zoe and the two smaller Grangers, with baskets, in search of blackberries.

Moore kissed both the little ones, and pointed to a part of the field behind him.

"There are some splendid blackberries over there," he said—"whoppers! You two go and get them while we stay here."

The little girls ran off obediently, and then he turned to Zoe, to take both her little hands.

"I could not come sooner. How pale you are looking, child—I beg your pardon. I meant Zoe! I wish to Heaven I could think it was on my account! Are you not [illegible]"

Poor little girl!

She had tortured herself too much in the day or two of ignorance respecting him, that her efforts to keep back the tears were vain.

She turned from him, her cheeks burning with shame for the hot drops that rained over them.

"Why Zoe what have I said or done? Have I offended you again?"

"No;" and she choked back a sob and dried her eyes.

"What then Zoe, I came to thank you for all you did for me, and I don't know how to do it. In fact, nothing will express what I feel except——"

He looked at her doubtfully, uncertain how she would take the conclusion in his mind.

The drooping of the eyelids and renewed accession of color settled the question.

Bending down he clasped his uninjured arm about her, and pressed on her mouth such kisses as neither she had received nor he ever given before.

"Heaven bless you my darling! It is very soon to speak, but I know you as well as I could in a dozen years. Forgive me, sweet, and trust me."

But though a year passed before the complete proof of Zoe's trust in him was bestowed, the marriage created some surprise; for as friends of the bridegroom said afterwards:

"She looked so absurdly young!"

* * *

OATH TAKING.—Many of the most vivid of my recollections of my boyhood, says a writer on India, relate to the trials of prisoners. I remember I used to watch with rapt attention the administering of oaths. Some of the methods were very remarkable, and I was always eager to see the various witnesses sworn.

The Christian, whether Protestant, Roman Catholic or American, would of course kiss the Testament. But there was the Mohammedan, sworn by the usual invocation of Bismillah, or Rahman, or Raheem (In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful!) with the sacred Koran, wrapped in cloth, placed by the attending moollah (mosque official) in his extended palms; the Hindu, by fixing his eyes on some water in a small brass vessel placed in like manner by his guru (family priest), containing water which did duty as Ganga pani (water of the Ganges), inasmuch as some muntras (prayers) had been pronounced over it by a Brahmin; and the Chinaman, who was sworn by burning at a taper a narrow strip of paper on which were written characters containing, as I understood, an appeal to his deceased ancestors. I have the impression that the Parsee, when dealing with Parsees, also swears by fire; but in a British court he is put upon his oath by kissing the Zend Avesta, his sacred book. I am not sure, but I believe I am right in saying that I also occasionally saw a man put on his oath, as is done among the hill tribes of India, by crushing in his hand a leaf of a tree sacred as the dwelling place, among its branches, of sylvan deities, who are thus invited to crush him and those belonging to him should he speak anything but the truth.

These reminiscences belong to the straits of Malacca, but there is now throughtout India proper one established form of legal oaths.

This arrangement is based on the assumed fact that in all its religions there is recognition of a supreme deity.

With the more intelligent Hindus it is well known that the multitudinous divinities acknowledged are really but various forms of the one God—Isvara of Deva.

The oath differs, however, in the form of its commencing attestation. All persons professing Christianity, whether natives or foreigners, "swear" while other "solemnly affirm."

The following is the oath: "I swear in the presence of Almighty God, that the evidence I shall give in this case shall be true, that I will conceal nothing, and that no part of my evidence shall be false."

This is regarded as more explicit and complete than the ordinary form in the English courts, and as specially meeting the particular directions in which eastern witnesses escape from the obligations to be truthful; but I believe the general impression among English officials is that the oath as such has only in the case of a small minority, any power in ensuring true evidence.

* * *

CAT WANTED.—An advertisement beginning "Cats wanted," has been put up by in the Westminster, Vt., post office by a hermit-like citizen who eats, sleeps, cooks and works in a house of but one room, to [illegible] his sole companions and diversion. Last winter some boys killed the pet of his household. Now he wants "the present of a male kitten two-thirds grown." He goes on: "Only cats need apply. Cats should be brought in sacks. Any cat brought for examination and not wanted will be drowned at the rate of ten cents each, in advance. Said cat will receive the best of care, and be ready for the boys to shoot January 15, 1886." The report is that he is a tender-hearted man, fond of visitors, master of several languages and hailing originally from Massachusetts.

* * *

IN what respect do time and a mule resemble one another? In the fact that it is better to be ahead of both time and a mule than behind either of them.

* * *

It has been found that the termination "atic" in the words "lunatic" and "fanatic" refers to the upper story.

* * *

TIME is money, of course it is, or how could you "spend an evening?"

Our Young Folks.

MARY'S "PRINCE."

BY DAVID KER.

YOU should have seen what a stir there was the night our canary came! Anybody might have thought that some old friend of ours, whom we hadn't seen for years and years, had just come back from India or Australia.

Very pretty the little fellow looked, with his wee yellow body perched on one of the cross-sticks of the bright green cage, which had two queer little carved things like Chinese temples at the sides of it, the one for the seed and the other for the water.

Of course the first thing was to give him a name; and we puzzled over it for a long while before we found one that would do.

Amy, who was deep in German fairy tales just then, suggested "Goldshine," which was the name of that Princess with the beautiful yellow hair; but that was rejected because it wouldn't do to give a lady's name to a male bird.

Allie, who had a taste for geography, proposed "Teneriffe," as being the biggest of the Canary Islands; but the idea of calling this tiny little thing after a great huge mountain more than twelve thousand feet high made us all laugh so that that plan fell through at once.

Florence, who was of a practical turn voted for "Yellow Jack;" but at that we all made a terrible outcry, for we remembered to have heard from the first officer of an Australian clipper, who was a great friend of ours, that it was the sailor's name for the yellow fever.

Charlie (Charlotte) thought of "Dick," but, because it was the regular name for a canary, and because it would remind us of King Richard Cœur-de-Lion, who had been shut up behind bars in the same way.

But both Amy and I (who were reading Sir Walter Scott for the first time) exclaimed loudly against it, saying that our bird oughtn't to have such a common, ugly name and that we couldn't let our splendid Richard the Lion-hearted be cut down into "Dick."

So there we were at a standstill, when all at once I bethought myself of that story of Prince Charming being turned into a bird by the wicked fairy, and I proposed to name him "Prince Charming." They all agreed directly, and Charlie said she would call him "Prince" for short; and "Prince" he remained ever after.

But just at first he was a very shy prince indeed, and wouldn't make friends with us at all. Whenever we came near the cage, he would flutter about and beat his poor little wings against the bars, as if he were scared out of his wits; and, in short, we didn't know what to do with him.

"Let me try and tame him," said I at last; for I had been reading every book I could get hold of about the management of birds, and felt sure that I knew all about it.

So to work I went, the very next day, to try and tame our wild bird. I began by stealing up to the cage softly and slowly, and holding seed between my fingers close to the bars, having previously taken away the supply inside.

The little fellow seemed rather suspicious at first, fluttered nervously backwards and forwards, and then hopped up on to its perch and looked doubtfully at me, with its little yellow head cocked knowingly on one side. But at last it ended by coming up to the bars, and pecking the seed from between my fingers.

Having got so far, I next took to putting my finger through the bars to smooth its feathers and in course of time it allowed me to put my hand right in through the door of the cage to stroke and pet it.

Poor Prince seemed very much scared the first time I did it, but he got quite used to it after a while and would chirp merrily when I opened his cage.

Sometimes I took him out and let him fly about the room, and at last he got to be so tame that he would come out of the cage regularly every morning at breakfast-time, hop about the table, and pick up the crumbs.

He often perched on my head and nestled into my hair, which was a great joke for my sisters, who would sometimes do up my back hair in the shape of a bird's nest, and put sugared almonds into it, saying that they were eggs for the bird to sit on!

But as ill fortune would have it, there was another member of the household that paid quite as much attention to Prince as we did ourselves.

This was our great black cat, which was constantly prowling around the cage, with its long green eyes fixed hungrily on poor Princey's plump little body, with a look which said plainly enough, "Aha, my fine fellow! what a famous mouthful you'd make for me, if I could only get hold of you!"

Of course we all did our best to make sure that the cat should never have the chance of carrying its dark designs into execution. But however careful we might be, the result proved that we were not careful enough.

One afternoon we were all startled by a terrible outcry from the garden at the back of the house, and, running out all in a body found our Irish cook shaking her great red hand fiercely at a long black tail, which was just vanishing over the garden wall, while at her feet, bleeding, and to all appearance dead, lay our poor little Princey

Biddy roared after the disappearing cat.

"It's myself that 'ud like to make a pie of ye," said she, "ounly ye'd be too bad to ate! Sorra a feather of the darlin' bird would the creature have left for ye to look at, Mistress Mary, if I hadn't come up when I did!"

My sisters and I made a great lamentations over the cat's cruelty and poor Prince's mishap, for he had got to be a great favorite with us all. But after some minutes, we noticed something which made us think he wasn't quite dead, and Charlie, who was the eldest of all us girls, exclaimed—

"Perhaps we may save him yet. Let's try, anyhow."

So we wrapped the poor little fellow in cotton wool, laid him at the bottom of the cage, and put tiny bits of soaked sponge-cake into his mouth.

By slow degrees our little pet began to revive, but for more than a fortnight he was so weak that we had to take off the husks of the seeds for him, for he was quite unable to crack them himself.

Little by little, however, he got back his strength again, and at last recovered so completely that Amy said we ought to change his name from Prince Charming to Prince Charmed, for he must certainly have a charmed life.

* * *

A DRUGGIST'S WOES.

NONE but themselves know the trouble druggists often have in making out some of the strange prescriptions they get from people who are trying to act as their own physicians. A lot of them has recently been collected and given to the world.

Beginning with pills of various kinds we have the following unique designations: "Compoon Cartcaset Pills" (Compound Cathartic); "[illegible] Individual Pills" (Indian Vegetable); "twelve One Grain Marsey Pills" (Mercury); Rites Indian Wegetabed Pills (Wright's Indian Vegetable); "Aunty Bil Your Pils" (Antibilious); "As Pils" (Ayer's), "rale rode pills;" "Charturo Pills, one dose." "Juse Greec" was surely an original method of spelling goose grease.

This specimen is not bad as an example of phonetic spelling: "For to rub."

"Gumm Camfor, 1 ownze.
"Lodnum, 1 ownze.
"Kloryforme, 1 ownze.
"Oil Sassyfras, 1 ownze."

In a woman's handwriting appears this:

"A dose of Callamet and jallop for rather a dellecate person." Another female script reads: "3 cts. worth Galop and 3 cts. worth of Cenn and Mann." A third woman writes: "Plees sen me a Pucke for a man wich is drunke."

Seidlitz powders prove a stumbling block to most of these writers. The spelling varies as follows: "Sedless," "Selletts," "Cidelus," "Zedlets" and Cedlets."

Mercurial Ointment is translated into "McCurless ointment" and "Pecuier ointment."

Corrosive Sublimate becomes "Corose of Supplimont—to destroy bugs," "Grocer's suppliment."

"Pleas let Baro have Allcocs Porest plaster" and "1 Bellerdoner plaster," write two customers.

A suffering German writes: "Ples giv to the girl 10 sents of somthin what is goot for to fisick 1 hav a bat hadack."

Epsom Salts can easily be guessed at in the following: "Alpsum Salt," "Epson of Salt" and "Ap Son Salts." The same may be said of the form in which Glycerine shows up. "Glisseren" and "Glisrin."

Liquorice is usually spelled phonetically. "Give barer 10 cents of prepaird Liky-rise," writes somebody.

The modes of rendering Citrate of Magnesia are peculiar. Some of the specimens on file are: "Sidritn Magnesia;" "Citerte of Magnesia" and "Cypress Magnesia."

A few "prescriptions" follow: "Give bearer 10 cents worth of Porrogorick with 2 drops Lopyom in it."

"Surup of Skrills and paragorek. 5 cents worth."

"Surip of Squils, }
"Parygaric, }
"Oyl of Amonds, }
"5 cents bolsom Pavia.
"5 cents Swet Sperrit Nighter.

"Give baror a cannal (calomel) powder for agrone persion."

A man writes in a very nervous hand, on the back of a saloon keeper's business card, "Mr. N.—Ime afeelin awfull bad & a frent tells me to git a bottol of Lyker Glearict of Nummonier Plees send it by the barer. Shes got $1 to pay for it." Very few persons out of the medical or druggist professions would be likely to translate this remedy into Elixir of Valerianate of Ammonia.

"On botle of Winslow souing surip," hurriedly writes some nurse, and another person pens in great, sprawling characters, "Send me 15 cents worth of Calcum root for inflamotary rumitism."

Here are a few more specimens: "5 cents worth of Apple Cac" (ipecac); "Simpel cert;" "Crossmolt" (creasote); Blew Unction" (blue ointment); "Tinker of Mur;" "I wants medcin salts;" "Col Low mil" (calomel); "a fip's worth of hikery pikery" (hiera picra); "10 cents worth of Widow's Magnesia" (Husband's); "Tinker of Gemaker ginger" (Jamaica ginger). "Mr. Mongomery here's a storder, 2 bottel of Harry Corf Serripe;" "Cashmere Bokay" (Cashmere Bouquet); "Vertagreece and Salamony" (Verdigris and Scammony), "Opodelock" (opodeldoc); "Rue arb" "Ruebosm," "Ferkasil" and "[illegible]" ([illegible]); "Ox Gonea Assed" (Oxalic acid); "Gum Too Loo" (Tolu), "Seltzer's Feter Aperient" and "Ference Essenter" (Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient); "Pererie Mixter;" "Sassafril;" "1 Bottle of Contuckey (Kentucky) Crab Orchad Salts" "¼ oz. Oidian Potassa" (Iodine of Potassium); "East Powder," "Custer" (castor); "Red Saporaties" (precipitate); "Rengrent Oil of Ember" (refined oil of amber) "Oil of Sassafricks" (sassafras); "Sweet Marjorine" (sweet marjoram), "Sasspotrstory" (suppository), "[illegible]" "Tihncter of Eve dyn" (tincture of iodine) "three cents of Pene rile" (penny oyal); "Exseletedy" (assafoetida), and "Give this Boy a Serenge."

The above are only a few "specimen bricks," but they indicate sufficiently the difficulties under which druggists labor in dispensing their wares.

* * *

WAS IT NEVER TO BE.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

ROYAL crimson roses swayed in the June-time air, which was rife not only with their own rare sweetness, but with that of the climbing jessamine, honeysuckles, and great beds of carnations.

A modern unpretentious little white cottage, half hidden with the flowers that seemed to love its neat, trim yard, and cosy verandahs, for they flourished there in great abundance the entire season through.

An old's maid home!

Yes, one might have guessed as much, by those neat, trim walks and the closely-mown lawn, as soft and clean as velvet, and the swaying white curtains at the windows, all betoken such unusual care they betrayed in single occupant.

Miss Grace Wells came to the door in the full blaze of the June sunshine, and its strong light revealed a very sweet-faced lady, even yet exceeding fair, with brown wavy tresses prettily arranged, and no hint of silver in their glossy meshes.

"Thirty-five or better," the village gossips affirmed, but the old family Bible only recorded it as thirty-one.

Standing there in her white dress, with a happy smile in her eyes, she scarcely looked that, as down the road she heard the rumble of carriage-wheels and clatter of hoofs.

Then a handsome carriage came in sight, drawn by two superb greys, in which were seated a dark, foreign-looking man of middle life, and the loveliest little rosebud of a girl she had ever seen.

The gentleman raised his hat, the fair girl smiled gaily, triumphantly, she fancied, and they were gone.

That was all.

But the roses at Grace Wells' belt were crushed with the pressure of her hand upon her beating heart, and the happy smile faded from her face.

It was true, then, what people hinted even to her, that her old lover, for whom she had waited so many years, had returned only to be bewitched by Carroll Seymour's flower-like face, jewels, and manifold graces.

The sweet romance of her lifetime was ended.

She awoke from the dream with a shudder. Heaven help her!

Heaven did help her in its own wise way, for after the first conviction of James Wilde's unfaithfulness, she put back, far back in the secret chambers of her heart, the love that had been so true, and took up the burden of her everyday life with a serenity and fortitude that made her a heroine, and surprised even herself by its calmness and peace.

One day, watering her plants, and singing an old familiar song, her truant lover came slowly up the walk and paused, and tried to greet her with his old natural manner.

"You seem unusually merry to-day Grace."

The song died from her lips' which twitched a little, as if with pain.

Then she smiled a cheerful welcome—a new tone in her voice that made him feel uncomfortable and ill at ease.

Looking at her there, in her floating summer dress, with her satin smooth hair and sweet, womanly face showing so plainly the beautiful soul within, a sudden fire leaped to his eyes, and a firm resolve.

"Grace name our wedding-day! We are tarrying to long."

She looked at him keenly, saw the fire and the resolve, and the half earnestness, and for a moment her heart pleaded with him.

But her better judgment triumphed, as she shook her head and smiled pleasantly, gently upon him.

"We are mistaken, James, you and I. I was foolish to have been so sorry, but I know now, quite as well as you do, that it was a mistake. We were merely tender friends nothing more. Here is your ring, and let us always remain friends, and be thankful we found it out in time."

"You are prejudiced. They have told you some silly slander. You shall not throw me off so!" he cried passionately, for now with the possibility of losing her, the half-earnestness changed to a much deeper desire.

"No, no, James, I have heard nothing but I feel it is really true. There, let us dismiss the unpleasant subject. See what a lovely sunset."

And he was compelled to accept the situation.

"I'll propose to Carroll to-night. She'll not treat me so coolly," he fumed; but added with a little sigh—"She is a beauty and all that, but she's not the woman Grace is."

In a few months the world knew that Carroll Seymour and James Wilde were married, and had gone on their wedding tour.

"It is better so," mused Grace Wells; "I can bear it if he is only happy."

But when another June time came, it found Grace still living among her flowers, and James Wilde a disgraced, dishonored husband.

His marriage had proved a very unhappy one, and to crown all, his beautiful, thoughtless child-wife eloped with a French adventurer, and he became a wanderer.

Two years later, saddened and wiser, he sought the flower-embowered cottage once more.

"Grace, you know all my wretched past; will you not pity and make me happy with your dear presence?"

"I do not quite understand," she said in a surprised voice.

"I asked you to marry me."

"But you have a wife."

"No, the law freed me some time ago. I have been free, really, ever since she left me."

Grace Wells raised her grave reproachful eyes and met his eager beseeching gaze.

"You have a wife living James. I cannot say who was in the wrong, for she was young and childish, and fatally beautiful; you should have shielded her, kept her from temptation. No, I cannot marry a divorced man."

With a stricken face he left her, and the months came and went.

Once more he sought her out, and laying a foreign paper before her, pointed out the article that chronicled his wife's death.

"Now, Grace, oh, my love—my love is it never to be?"

With the old light shining in her happy eyes she answered—

"Yes, James, your probation has ended."

"At last! at last I have won you, my gentle, wise Grace, who read my unstable nature better than I did myself; but I loved you through it all, you and you alone. It was that love which gave me strength in the time of my sorrow and disgrace—it was that love which saved me from my own hand and my desperate passions—and that love now shall lift me into the better, nobler life!"

And the solemn earnestness of his manner and tone proved his depth of feeling as well as his never dying affection.

"Then I am all yours!" was the beautiful answer.

* * *

WOMAN'S LOVE.—Whose love proves strongest, man's or woman's?

From the Eden story of love, we declare in the favor of Eve.

Woman was not created to deceive; when she stoops to play the hypocrite, it is from circumstance, accident, compulsion.

Her nature is too confiding, too trusting, to act out a deliberate lie or to trade in deceit.

Woman often has a part to act.

She can penetrate by her own innate instinct all of man's vanity, measure his proud estimate of himself, graduate her scale of action according to his merits and her own powers and strength.

Women of the world, society women, are poor illustrations of an ancient Madonna.

They stoop to any device to besiege the fortress of a coveted passion; the siege ends generally in unrequited love and inglorious defeat.

When once a woman truly loves, she takes it as a boon given by Heaven. She clusters it in her bosom's cloister, where no human eye can open the door and peer in, or curiosity can unbar the locked windows of the soul.

The idol is raised and worshipped in secret and silence.

The sheet anchor that keeps the love of a woman from drifting away by every tide in the current of her life, is her faith and constancy; she fears no change in herself, and dreams of none in her chosen one.

Women are ever making heroes to worship and bow before.

With loving natures, they place on their affections the whole wealth of their love, to yield all, believe all, trust all; even when the fiat of destruction of hope has gone forth, and the doom of love is heard, they still clasp their passion in their arms, and brave all to defend the perfidity and faithlessness of their recreant swains.

Though drifting apart, they take the chastening gently, and believe the deceiver will return with deeper devotion and rarer love.

Never do they lose hope or falter in their own intense attachment.

They rise the angel over the sinning one, and cling to false lovers, weep over faded flowers and withered buds, with the belief that they will revive and be bright again when the silver lining of the dark cloud turns towards love's path.

Again, no man can attain unto the voluntary sacrifice of female devotion, or be able to emulate her in the memories of unrequited love, or of a deathless attachment.

Man's volatile nature soon forgets that he has loved, and easily digs a grave for his affections, and wonders why he was beguiled into a confession his heart knew was false.

But woman, when she kneels at the shrine of her idol, never feels it is made out of clay, but bends in low homage before it, kisses it with her lips, and brings the incense of an eternal fidelity to curl in grateful smoke before her God.

M. S.

* * *

THE dear child has seen a visitor open and shut his patent hat, and fired with a noble emulation possesses himself of his uncle's new and rigid stovepipe, which, when the old gentleman was about to take his leave, is produced somewhat resembling a disreputable accordeon. "Taint a bit funny your hat ain't," says the young malefactor, scornfully; "I sat down on it three times and I couldn't get it to shut up."

OLD FRIENDS.

BY E. IRWIN.

Old friends, old friends, oh, I love old friends!
For many a thought with their memory blends
Of bygone hours that I may regret,
So sweet they were, but can ne'er forget.

Oft and oft I love to dwell
On the sound of their names remembered well;
And reckon the claims by each possest,
As each one claims to be loved the best.

Some say friendship's a short-lived thing,
A bird of passage that soon takes wing
When Fortune's sun has ceased to shine;
I grant it—but not with friends of mine.

Oh, it frets me to see old friends fall out
Knowing full well, without a doubt,
They may travel the world from end to end,
And look in vain for a friend—a friend.

For though hearts are made of the self-same mould,
Yet one will be warm, another cold;
And few, very few, the merit can claim
Of being 'mid changes unchanged, the same.

Let us value the friends we've known and tried,
And never forget this truth beside:
In friendship's bond we all hope to be
United again in Eternity.

Old friends, old friends, I love to dwell
On the sound of your names remembered well,
And reckon the claims by each possest,
As each one claims to be loved the best!

A LOST ART.

SO much is done now-a-days by enterprising publishers for the young, in the way of providing cheap, entertaining literature of every kind and description, that amongst us at least, the art of oral story-telling may be said to have died out.

But in all Oriental towns the public story-teller still gathers his crowds, and is a striking feature in the popular life. And not only is this noticeable in the nearer East, but in the vast cities of farther India; and still farther away amongst the teeming towns and villages of China; and yet farther, in every collection of houses, however small, in Japan.

The Chinese story-teller is more of a preacher than his Japanese brother; his addresses partake rather of the character of moral lectures and discourses; and if the people want to laugh, they must go to the theatres.

But in Japan the story-teller sticks to his craft, although, with marvelous versatility and adroitness—the versatility and adroitness of a master of his art—he invariably contrives to suit the nature of his talk to the character of his audience.

Thus, as he squats himself upon his heels, his fan in one hand, and a piece of bamboo in the other wherewith to emphasize the telling points of his story, the tea apparatus, and his smoking implements on the mat beside him, he glances round the rough shed.

Perhaps as yet there is but a sprinkling of children. Forthwith he launches into one of those quaint, inimitable stories, to which we before alluded as being in many cases the fountains of our own child-stories, and of which the illustrations appear upon the cheap, and gaudily-painted fans so familiar to us.

The children are very soon either convulsed with laughter or hushed into awe, for the story-teller is an accomplished actor, and accompanies his words with the most grotesque mouthings and the most descriptive gesticulations.

Enter, perhaps, a bevy of giggling damsels. The story-teller suddenly changes his form of procedure, and starts a romance, with the usual termination of triumphant virtue and punished vice.

Then a group of young bloods swagger in. Again he strikes off into a fresh channel; this time probably a legend of the good old days when the gods lived on earth, when Japan was the sole gem of the sea, when all men were heroes, and all women good and virtuous.

As he warms to his work, the veins gather in knots on his forehead, his eyes seem to flash fire; the bamboo is constantly rapping against the floor; his fan is continually opening and shutting, and being waved as a pennon or swung as a sword; the words tumble out of his mouth in what seems to us utterly incoherent torrents; and finally, when the climax has been reached, he bows his forehead to the mats, drinks five or six cups of tea, and smokes as many pipes, amidst the excited "Ayahs" of his audience.

And so he continues for an hour or more, when he collects his cash, packs up his implements, and with much humiliated prostration, promises his listeners that he will be at the same place at the same hour the next day.

We have thought fit to devote some space to Japan, because it is there we conceive the art of story-telling is still sustained by the ablest professors, and, what is still more valuable, flourishes to-day exactly as it has flourished during many hundreds of years, and as, perhaps, it has never flourished elsewhere.

What a few more years of change, such as have passed over the land during the past quarter of a century may bring forth, it is not impossible to conjecture; and the traveler of a few years hence will probably find that the Japanese art of story-telling has gone the way of so many other pleasant institutions.

Of course it may be argued that, after all, the loss of such an art is of no vast importance, when we come to consider what a very efficient substitute is provided in the shape of cheap, easily-obtainable literature; but, from even more than a sentimental point of view, it is a loss.

A story well told by mouth bears the same relation to a story as read in a book, that a drama well acted bears to a drama read from an acting edition. No words can exactly present the same emotions that a significant gesture or a tone of voice produces.

A good old-fashioned ghost-story told in the weird firelight is twice as effective as the same story read in clear print by clear gaslight.

A man or woman gifted with the most ordinary histrionic powers can imitate the roar of Giant Blunderbore, or the terrified accents of Fatima, and these old stories were evidently composed to be spoken just as others have been composed to be read.

So to this day, the pleasantest novelty one can suggest for the amusement of children—nay, even of grown up folk, during the uncertain half-hour of winter 'tween lights, is to tell them a story.

Grains of Gold.

Our content is our best having.

The contemplation of vice is a vice.

Foster cheerfulness without too much levity.

A sanctified heart is better than a silver tongue.

Respect age and do not dispute with an old person.

Before condemning, search for condoning circumstances.

Better three hours too soon than one minute too late.

Say as little as possible of yourself and those near to you.

Sabbath days are the quiet islands on the tossing sea of life.

Remember that to dispute with an enthusiast is labor wasted.

There is more in one of God's sentences than you have discovered yet.

If thou wouldst bear thy neighbor's faults, cast thine eyes upon thine own.

If our eye be towards God in duty, His eye will be ever towards us in mercy.

Every one must know and feel that bad thoughts quickly ripen into bad actions.

A man may be great by chance, but never wise or good without taking pains for it.

Every act of the man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows, and in his own manners and face.

Examples are few of men ruined by giving. Men are heroes in spending, cravens in what they give.

There is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well-bred—to all rational mortals, namely, their distempers.

He who cares only for himself in youth, will be very niggard in manhood, and a wretched miser in old age.

In proportion as men are real coin, and not counterfeit, they scorn to enjoy credit for what they have not.

Calmness and deliberation at a time of extreme irritation will do away with a great deal of after self-condemnation.

"Improve your opportunities," said Bonaparte to a school of young men; "every hour lost now is a chance of future misfortune."

The greatest part of what we say or do being unnecessary, if a man takes this away, he will have more leisure and less uneasiness.

All is vanity but what is done to the glory of God. It glitters and it fades away; it makes a noise and it is gone.

Whatever is coming, there is but one way to meet it—to go straight forward, to bear what has to be borne, and to do what has to be done.

If duty really means to pay God his due, then, perfection, sanctity, martyrdom, if you will, are nothing more, and can be nothing greater, than duty.

Femininities.

There are three women bank presidents in this country.

What is mine, even to my life, is hers I love; but the secret of my friend is not mine.

Governor Waller, of Connecticut, advises that women be allowed a voice in public school matters.

The Queen of Italy has a physician at the table to prevent her majesty from eating unwholesome food.

A Richmond man was put in jail last week for having fourteen wives. Must be a great relief to him.

Louise Michel, the communist, employs her time while in prison writing children's stories. She is wise in her generation.

The Postal Stand Telegraph Service employ at present in France 1,357 women. They are also employed in the Bank of France to the number of 160.

A Toronto man waited until he was eighty-three years old before he got married. That's like running three miles to get a good start for a ten-inch jump.

A colored woman in Alabama fastened her teeth in a mule's nose and hung on until he carried her eighty rods; and yet there are no medals for colored heroines.

A woman can rip, and tear, and darn, and yet be considered sweet-tempered; but just let a man do it, and the people will say all manner of hard things about him.

"Yes," Mrs. Egomoi, "I used to think a great deal of Mrs. Goode—she was always so kind to me; but then I've found out that she treats everybody just the same."

Nobody can critically observe the structure of American social or domestic life without being struck by the immense amount of energy which is wasted in the woman's half of it.

"There," said a Jerseyman, "that's the kind of a plaque I like to see you decorate." "What plaque?" she asked. "That big round mince pie you are ornamenting with scollops."

Of forty-eight girls in a school here only one could make bread, one knew how to fry oysters, and three how to broil beefsteak; forty-eight could embroider, and forty-seven could dance.

Mrs. Peter Bangarts, of Racine, Wis., was nearly 90 years of age. Recently she and her husband sold their home, and her grief was so great that her husband says she sobbed herself to death.

"No," said George Henry. "I didn't go there to court the girl—only called in occasionally, you know. But first thing I knew they had me up for breach of promise; and so, you see, I went to court at last."

No girl is plain, says Mr. Ruskin, who is well-bred, kind or modest. All real deformity means want of manners or of heart. All real ugliness means some kind of hardness of heart or vulgarity of education.

A medical writer says that girls are so constructed that they cannot jump. If he's a respectable young man, let him propose matrimony to one of the girls, and he'll soon see whether she can jump or not.

It is said that, when garments were first doled out, man gave woman the petticoat. He did it to prevent her running after him in all his pleasures and pursuits. He saw that if she once got rid of that garment she would be his equal.

Some New Hampshire women are as thrifty as the men. It is charged that a little party of them in a town in Strafford county have been found to have conspired to work up among their neighbors surprise parties, with valuable presents for one another.

"I remember," said the celebrated Wesley, "hearing my father say to my mother: 'How could you have the patience to tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times over?' 'Why,' said she, 'if I had only told him nineteen times I should have lost all my labor.'"

"Anything that is worth doing, is worth doing well. Remember this, young man, when you are courting a girl, and don't sit looking at her with your thumb in your mouth when she feels faint and needs your strong arm to support her. Waist no time, but seize the opportunity—and the girl.

"This introduction gives me great pleasure, believe me," frankly explained Brown, when introduced to a popular society actress. "Really, you flatter me, Mr. Brown." "Not at all; I have worshipped you from a distance for over twenty years, and——" Brown is still engaged racking his brain to find out why the actress cut him short.

A Camden man started a big fire in the kitchen stove at 5 A. M., went to bed to finish his sleep, and woke up to find the house on fire. All this trouble is avoided by the man who kindly permits his wife to amuse herself with the kitchen fire while he is hard at work trying to get a little more slumber. But some fellows have no home manners at all.

Always keep the love-letters your husband wrote you before marriage in a well-locked iron box in the darkest corner of the attic. Nothing puts a man in such a temper as to stumble across his former effusions and read a few pages of them. Some men under such circumstances have been known to kick themselves down-stairs and be seriously injured.

"I want to tell you a secret," said Mr. Wirt to his daughter. "The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. This is the spirit that gives to your time of life its sweetest charm. It constitutes the sum total of all the witchcraft of woman. Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread the solitude of the upas tree around you."

This is a baby. It is a girl baby. How red its eyes! What horrid contortions it makes with its face! See how savagely it kicks! How like a demon it yells! Yet in a few short years some man will be half-crazed with wild suspense, worshipping the very air this being breathes, devoutly kneeling at her feet and frantically begging for one word, one pressure of the hand—even a look which will give him hope.

News Notes.

Linen shirts were first worn in England about 1253.

Germany has 454 theatres, and nearly 10,000 actors.

The Fahrenheit thermometer was invented in 1720.

Homer is the earliest profane author who speaks of the tides.

The President of Switzerland receives a salary of $3,000 a year.

There is a man in the Mississippi Legislature named Christmas.

An Orange, Vt., man has lost a goose said to be 100 years old.

Two thousand British troops are in Scotland, and 30,000 in Ireland.

Bloodhounds are still used in Texas for capturing escaped criminals.

Pliny says that the Gauls invented soap. The Romans used fuller's earth.

A gander fight was one of the novel sports engaged in recently in Texas.

One pound of rice gives 88 per cent nutriment, and one pound of beef 25 per cent.

The late Mrs. Stapleton Bretherton, of Rainhill, Eng., left $2,500,000 to the Pope.

Chicago real estate agents have a society for the protection of themselves and clients.

The New York State prisons earned last year $10,000 more than it cost to maintain them.

The total number of actions brought in the high court of justice in England last year was 100,000.

Gen. Tannant, mayor of Walla Walla, Oregon, has a dog that eats pins in a manner that is astonishing.

Not a nail is used in the construction of houses in Japan. They are put together by a method of mortising.

A female servant in Prussia who stays in one family for forty years, gets a golden cross from the Empress.

The leading eccentricity of Esrom Morse, of Rockport, Me., is that his name spells backward and forward the same.

A headstone in a Dorsetshire, Eng., churchyard bears the inscription: "Methusaleh Coney, aged 12 months."

Four per cent. of the male population of cities are color-blind; but the defect is almost unknown among women.

A Vigilance Committee in Nebraska is doing a slaving business. It has hanged eleven men, and is looking for more.

Since the passage of the Homestead Act, May 20, 1862, to 30th of June last, 624,000 homesteads have been taken up by settlers.

Metallic paper is a recent invention, and chromo-lithographs are rendered transparent by a coating and backed with tinfoil.

A marble company at Rutland, Vt., employs more marble-cutters, it is asserted, than all the Italian quarries put together.

Marriageable girls may be interested in the information that a factory at Bay City, Mich., turns out 2,400 washboards daily.

Dr. Guy, the English statistician, calculates that the average length of life is 29 years in England, while it is only 20 in America.

Two female burglars in men's clothes were before a London police court recently. They were aged respectively 20 and 23 years.

Governor Ireland, of Texas, has given an implied pledge that if pasture men find it necessary to kill fence-cutters, they will be pardoned.

The cabalistic letters, R. S. V. P., on an invitation, were thought for years down in Virginia to mean "Reserved Seats for Virginia People."

Last year France had thirty thousand school libraries besides four thousand free public libraries. In 1882 England had ninety-six free libraries.

A late invention for boys and girls who will kneel down on the play-ground and wear out the knees of their stockings, is a stocking knee-protector.

Four hundred women of the twentieth ward, Boston, have signed a remonstrance to be sent to the Legislature against granting further suffrage to women.

Over 34,000 of the 4,440,823 pieces of mail matter that were sent to the Dead Letter Office last year contained checks, money, etc., amounting to $1,033,000.

A muskrat came out of the river at Fitchburg, Mass., the other day, and seated himself in the sun, where he froze to the ice, and was held there till a boy killed him.

A man of Concord, N. H., recently advertised for a boy to learn the shoe business, and received 27 answers, the ages of the applicants ranging from 13 years to 63.

Mr. O'Hara, the colored member of Congress from North Carolina, who has been placed on the Congressional Campaign Committee, has a complexion like a Cuban's.

A writer in a German periodical calls attention to the fact that highly calendered paper does not show printing to the best advantage—that is, the paper should not have a polished appearance.

A New York correspondent states that Castle Garden is almost daily besieged by young women who land in search of lovers who have promised to be husbands, and who in many cases are oblivious of the contracts.

A Connecticut lawyer has sued one of his clients for $140 for services rendered. It appeared that the client's suit had involved a sum of about $50, and had been continued through twenty-one terms, on each of which the lawyer charged a twenty-dollar term fee.

Planting Pepper.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH

"I WON'T!" said Susanna Silverton, giving her jaunty garden hat a twitch, and folding her plump pink arms defiantly; "it's no use to talk—I can't stay in the house and be a carved image of dignity all my days, and if your fastidious Mrs. Atherling don't like it, she may—whistle!"

"You're bound to disgrace us all," said Rosalinda Silverton, drawing her black eyebrows together, "digging around in that old garden with a hoe, like a ridiculous tomboy as you are, just where all those hotel folks can see. Mrs. Atherling says——"

"I don't care if she does," interrupted Susanna, stuffing a package of onion seed into her apron pocket. "I always did want a chance to raise something; and what's the use of renting a suburban cottage and paying a good price for a bit of ground with it if you daren't raise a few onions or a bit of spinach for amusement?"

"I doubt if you'll have the chance long," sighed Mrs. Silverton, a thin, faded woman with a perpetually worried expression; "the rent's too high. I don't think we can stay——"

"Now, mother."

Rosalinda jerked herself up from her lounging position on the green damask-covered sofa and kicked over a footstool with gathering ill-temper.

"We've got to stay, at least until——"

"Until when?" weakly asked Mrs. Silverton, who had a nervous dread of her dark-browed daughter's temper.

"Until Mrs. Atherling's brother comes home," admitted Miss Rosalinda, a vivid blush staining her handsome face. "She promised to bring him to see us, but she is so exclusive it is positively necessary for us to keep up every appearance of elegance. And here's Susanna doing her best to upset it all. If she only would cultivate a little dignity——"

"I'd rather cultivate cabbages," averred Susanna, tipping her pert head on one side to straighten her hat which had a habit of sliding about in every direction. "Never mind, Rose; it will give you a better chance when the hero puts in an appearance."

"But the rent——" nervously began Mrs. Silverton.

"Bother the rent!" retorted Rosalinda crossly, settling back comfortably on the sofa and paying no further attention to her mother.

But Susanna, trotting undignifiedly down the garden walk, with a pan of seeds in one hand, a hoe in the other, and her hat sliding over one ear, paused a moment thoughtfully.

"Poor mammy, she's always worried," she sighed. "I ought to do something to help her."

* * * * * *

"Your sister seems to enjoy outdoor exercise," remarked the exclusive Mrs. Atherling, who had honored the Silvertons with an afternoon call.

"Yes," smiled Rosalinda, waving her fan with languid grace, "she is such a dear little romp—has such a fancy for amateur gardening and——"

There was a sound of banging doors, a frisky clatter of light heels in the hall, and Susanna's fresh voice was heard clear and distinct—

"Mammy! Rose! Where are you? I've found a way to pay the rent. They're starting a factory down at Dobbins Clearing to manufacture sauce, and they're going to buy all the pepper that can be raised."

A demented-looking young lady in an untidy white apron, with one pocket ripped off, a cloud of light hair down her back, and a newspaper in her hand, bounced into the parlor, never doubting that the voices she heard there were those of her mother and sister, but perceiving the visitor, dropped her paper and stood staring in dismay, and finally catching her sister's disconcerted looks and furtive frowns, she bit her lip and fled from the room with swift tears of mortification dimming her sunny eyes.

"But I'll raise a lot of pepper, and make some money all the same," was the reflection that consoled her.

And thereafter Susanna Silverton devoured treatises on pepper culture, and dug, spaded and raked her bit of garden indefatigably, and, strange to say, in spite of her inexperience, her pepper flourished and multiplied until the long beds were crowded with the smooth shining pods.

A spry and freckled youth dwelling hard by was the delegate at whose hands the Dobbins Clearing establishment daily received baskets heaped with the results of the young lady's toil, while the fair gardener herself made weekly trips to the Clearing for collecting purposes.

The autumn days had come and were fast departing.

Dobbins Clearing had received its last instalment of pepper, and one evening Susanna Silverton came home with a glow in her cheeks and eyes.

"I—I've had an offer," she confessed "from the foreman of the pepper establishment."

"For Heaven's sake!" wailed Rosalinda, dropping limply back in her chair, "has it come to this? I knew something dreadful would come of your horrid pepper—but this is too much."

"But, Rosa," urged Susanna, "he's good, and handsome, and——"

"Don't tell me what he is! He's in a horrid, vulgar business—that's enough."

"Wisitors," announced the new hired girl from the country. "I tole 'em you's in the settin'-room, 'n' they could come right in."

"You needn't mind us, you know," and it was Mrs. Atherling who swept into the room. "I've brought my brother Dick."

"Why Mr. Hardy!" fluttered Susanna, turning pinker than a rosebud. "He's the foreman of the pepper establishment," she explained to her astonished mother and sister.

"Certainly," said the young man, holding Susanna's hand tightly, "for a time. The real foreman met with an accident, and the company couldn't find any one to fill his place, so I consented to accept it until he was able to do so, partly to keep it open for him, and partly because I was tired of laziness and felt a longing to be useful."

"And he gave all his wages to the poor man's family to support them until he could work again," broke in Mrs. Atherling.

"But I would be a foreman all my life rather than miss one experience I have had," said Mr. Hardy. "The question is, Mrs. Silverton—can I have Susanna?"

"I think she had settled that question," answered Mrs. Silverton with a gentle laugh, the worry fading out of her face for once.

"And poor mammy won't have to be bothered about rent any more, will she?" Susanna asked pleadingly of her lover.

"No, indeed, nor about anything else. And you wont have to earn your living any more by raising pepper," with a kiss on the rosy mouth.

And Rosalinda realised that she had watched for nothing all summer, while Susanna—hoyden Susanna—had planted pepper, paid the rent, and won a sensible, appreciative husband.

HOW MOSAICS ARE MADE.—One of the very few industries of Rome is the manufacture of mosaics, the largest establishment being under the control of the Church and employed almost entirely in adornment of the churches and religious establishments. The process of making a picture in mosaic is very slow, and requires the highest order of skill. To begin with, mosaic is made of glass, and its value consists in its being indestructible. The workmen in great pictures have to have something over 27000 shades of colored glass to produce the tints requisite, as in a mosaic every color is necessary, the same as in an oil paintings. To make a picture the process is this: A plate of metal of required size is surrounded by a raised margin an inch in height. A mastic cement of powdered stone, lime and linseed oil is spread over the bottom of this plate and that covered with plaster of Paris to the level of the rim. Upon this the picture to be made is very carefully drawn, and the mechanic's work commences. He takes a piece of glass of the exact tint necessary and fits it to its place, grinding it to get the shape. Then he goes on, one piece at a time, till the picture is finished; then the face is ground down to a smoothness, and the picture is set in its place.

Some of the greatest pictures of ancient and modern times are in mosaic, the tints, with all the delicate shades, being as carefully reproduced as in oil, and the effect being even greater. The ceilings of many of the great churches are entirely of mosaic, as well as many of the great altar pieces and other decorations. As they are utterly indestructible and never lose their color, they are very much prized. A picture in mosaic costs, but then it is eternal, barring fire and earthquakes.

All over Rome are small shops devoted to the manufacture of mosaic table tops, box covers, etc., the workman toiling all his life on one subject. The man who commences on St. Peter's, on table tops or the Coliseum never does any other subject, and he becomes so skilful in this one subject that he is enabled to make them not only well, but very cheaply. He has only the tints to manage that enter into the one picture, and he places them mechanically and very rapidly.

AN ANCIENT GAME.—Centuries ago jack-straws was a very popular game, which even kings and queens enjoyed. It is still so common that we presume almost every one knows how to play it, but there may be some who do not. The parts of the game consists of very small sticks made of the lightest kind of wood. They are formed into guns, rockets, serpents, arrows, lances, oars, ball-clubs, darts, round straws, square straws, round and square mauls, round and square mallets, coopers' adze, hoes, spades and ladders. These have a different value. The first 8 count 5, the round straws 2, and the square straws 1; the mauls 25, mallets 20, adze and hoe each 15, spade and ladder each 10. Having learned the value of these you gather them in a bunch in your hand and let them drop suddenly on the table, so as to fall irregularly. Then with a hook draw the pieces one by one from the pile without disturbing any of the rest. If the slightest disturbance of any is made your place must be given up to the next one, who gathers and throws them down in the same way and proceeds. You each keep the straws you have drawn until they are all drawn, and then whoever holds straws of greatest value by the count is the winner. These look very pretty if colored, but they must be made of very light wood, although they are sometimes foolishly made of ivory, bone, and metal.

ALTHOUGH many parties are endeavoring to push other similar remedies into the market by spicy advertisements, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup takes the lead and the Druggists are selling more than ever before. Price, 25 cents.

Humorous.

Imitation butter—A toy goat.

Wonder if a noise annoys an oyster?

How to rise in the world—Go up in a balloon.

For lubricating the muscles, there is nothing like sweet toil.

A great curiosity—A plate of butter from the cream of a joke.

A blackbird has been called a great thief, but as for the redbreast, he is alwas a robin.

"I thought I must die; Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator cured my Heart Disease." Price $1 by druggists.

This life's contradictions are many. Salt water gives us fresh fish, and hot words produce coolness.

Always the same, a cure for Heart Disease. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Price $1 by druggists.

The man who can thoroughly enjoy himself at a fashionable reception after discovering the bow of his white tie is under his left ear, is superior to the pomps and vanities of this wicked world.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Honey Bees.

We call the special attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mrs. Cotton, in this column, under head of "Honey Bees." Mrs. Cotton's new system of bee-keeping has proved a great success.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 168 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

NERVOUS·DEBILITY.

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.
Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York.

HONEY BEES.

THE NEW SYSTEM OF BEE-KEEPING.

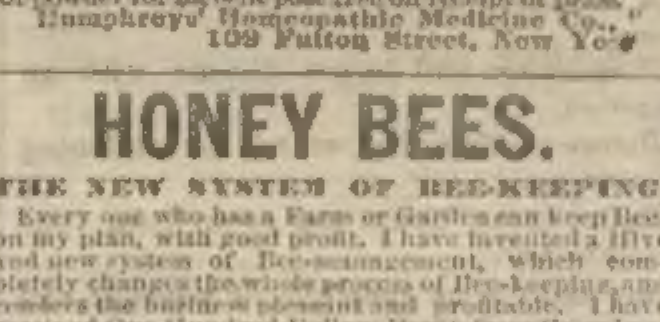
Every one who has a Farm or Garden can keep Bees on my plan, with good profit. I have invented a Hive and new system of Bee-management, which completely changes the whole process of Bee-keeping, and renders the business pleasant and profitable. I have received One Hundred Dollars Profit, from the sale of Box Honey from One Hive of Bees in one year. Illustrated circular of Full Particulars Free. Address MRS. LIZZIE E. COTTON, West Gorham, Maine.

AGENTS WANTED

Sawing Made Easy

Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine!

Sent on 30 Days Test Trial. A Great Saving of Labor & Money.



A boy 16 years old can saw logs FAST and EASY. MILES MURRAY, Portage, Mich., writes: "Am much pleased with the MONARCH LIGHTNING SAWING MACHINE. I sawed off a 20-inch log in 2 minutes." For sawing logs into suitable lengths for family stove-wood, and all sorts of log-cutting, it is peerless and unrivaled. Illustrated Catalogue, Free. AGENTS WANTED. Mention this paper. Address MONARCH MANUFACTURING CO., 163 E. Randolph St. Chicago, Ill.

HELP Wanted—Men, Women, Boys & Girls, can start a new light & easy business in their own towns. The work can be done quietly at home in daytime or evening—no peddling necessary—is strictly honorable and will bring in more money in 10 days than anything advertised. You can easily make 10c. to $1 an hour, or $5 to $15 a day if you start right. "The Secret Revealed," "What want you to do," and 20 samples to commence work on, by return mail, FREE. Send 10 cts. for postage and printing, and Address H. G. FAY, Rutland, Vermont.

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FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

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Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

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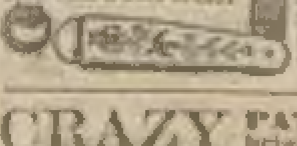

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"Prusias," is the title of a romance of ancient Rome under the Republic, by the famous German writer Ernest Eckstein, and translated by Clara Bell, with revisions and connections. The hero, characters and main incidents are taken from history, and are intended to typify the real life of that day in detail. Whether looked upon as an interesting form of history or merely as a novel intended to supply pleasant reading, it is equally commendable. There is ever a certain charm about Rome, and anything that attempts to bring back to life the famous scenes, motives and events of its most eventful period cannot fail to be most acceptable to those who occasionally like a dash of solidity in their lighter reading. Two volumes. Published by W. C. Gottberger, N. Y. For sale by Porter & Coates.

Every worker in wood from the plainest carpenter to the most perfect art carver, will find much of the very highest value to him in his trade, in "The Journal of Progress, or the Wood-Workers Magazine." It is filled with articles, hints, rules, new ideas etc., all of such a practical character as to make their understanding and application easy. Every article likewise is illustrated with numerous diagrams, or pictures according to requirement. No description can give an adequate idea of its excellence. In printing, paper and make-up it also excels. J. H. Bentley, manager and editor. Price $2,00 per year. Published at 907 Arch St., Phila, Pa.

A very useful little book is "The Pocket Manual Number Two, or A Key to a Profitable Occupation for any Person." Rev. John M. Heron, A. M., Editor. It tells: How to Become a Short-hand Writer; How to Become a Proof-reader; How to Become a Telegraph Operator; How to Use a Type-Writer; How to Become a Dressmaker; How to Draw and Paint Flowers; How to Become a Book-keeper; How to Make out Reports and Audit Acc'ts of Building Associations; Directions for Silk Culture; and many other useful things. Price, neatly bound in cloth, 50 cts. W. H. Thompson, Publisher, 404, Arch St.

"Bee-keeping for Profit," is the title of a system of bee management, by Mrs. L. E. Cotton of West Gorham, Me. It is the best practicle treatise on the subject we have read, and gives in brief space, a great deal that those now in the honey-producing business, or who think of going into it, will find it profitable to know. There is nothing fancy in the ideas advanced or the way of speaking of them, but everything seems sound logical sense. Price $1,00.

The March number of "Demorest's Monthly" cannot fail to bring pleasure to its readers. It is filled with good stories, including the continuation of the admirable serial, "The Shores of Nothing," and a variety of miscellaneous articles of an interesting nature. Its fashion and household matter is of the very best. Published at New York.

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From Russell Bros., Boston, who have everything in the way of music of the newest, best, and at cheapest rates, we have received the following choice vocal selections for single, mixed, male and female voices: Twilight and Dawn 50; On the Mountain 10; Her Image 15; Water Fay 50; Easter Skies 15; Home Longing 20; Evening Blessing 15; Hosanna in the Highest 10; On to Victory 10; Morning Wanderers 25; Somewhere to Night (Abt) 40; When I'm Made a Captain 40.

MAGAZINES.

Cassell's Family Magazine for February, being the second number of the American edition, has an extended and varied table of contents. Besides instalments of two interesting serials, there are a couple of short stories, and the other articles include: A Belgian Holiday; Domestic Training for Girls; Debility, its Causes and Cure; Our Garden in January; A Chinese Newspaper; The Children's Room; An Evening in a Norwegian Vicarage; Remunerative Employment for Gentlemen; What to Wear; The Perfect Lady; and many instructive paragraphs under the head of "The Gatherer." Nearly every article is illustrated. Price only 15 cents a nuber. Cassell & Co., publishers, 739 Broadway New York.

* * *

A BISHOP'S SONG.—Recently, at a social gathering, an English Bishop was invited to sing. He declined, but told the following incident as illustrative of his talent in that line. During his journey through Palestine, one evening after he and Mr. Spencer, who occupied the tent with him, had gone to bed, the Bishop began humming a tune of the olden time, called "New Durham." Mr. Spencer joined in, and the two began singing a verse of one of our familiar hymns. Before the verse was finished, a donkey just outside the tent brayed as only a donkey in the East can bray. While the hills of Judæa were sending back the echoes of this most extraordinary and untimely performance of the donkey, the Arab dragoman patting his donkey said "Ah you sing one tune he think he know!"

* * *

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Kathleen Mavourneen.
Twickenham Ferry.
The Blue Alsatian Mountains.
Killarney.
All on account of Eliza.
The Torpedo and the Whale!
The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
The Old Folks are gone.
Is Jennie True To Me?
Oh, Lucinda.
Put Away That Straw.
With the Angels By and Bye.
Scenes of Childhood.
Grandmother's Chair.
Oh, Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma!
My Heart's with my Norah.
Lardy Dah!
The Colored Hop.
Don't Shut out the Sunlight Mother.
The Sweet Flowers I've Brought to You.
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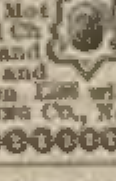

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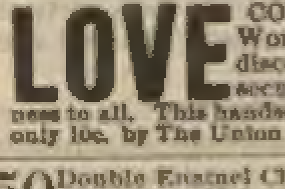

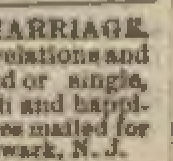

50 Satin finished Golden Beauties, Souvenirs of Friendship, Pen Script Mottoes, Bird Mottoes and Verse Cards, with name, 10c. 6 pks. & this genuine rolled gold seal ring, 50c. Agt's complete album 25c. 100 imported embossed scrap pictures, 20cts. Alling Bros., Northford, Ct.

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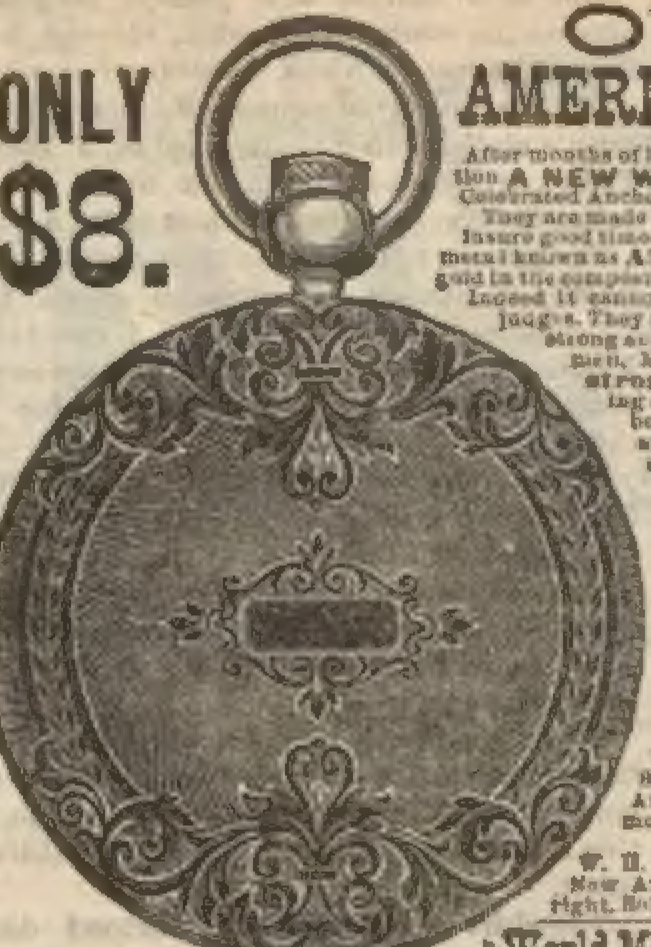

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They are made of the best material, and in the very best manner so as to insure good time-keeping qualities. The Cases are made of our Celebrated metal known as Aluminum Gold. This metal has a sufficient amount of gold in the composition to give the watch a genuine gold appearance. Indeed it cannot be told from a genuine Gold Watch except by the best judges. They are finely engraved or engine turned and are massive and strong and very handsome making it just the watch for Railroad men, Mechanics, and all laboring men who require a good strong watch and an accurate timekeeper. For trading and speculative purposes, it is superior to any watch ever before offered. They can be sold readily for $15 and $20 each, and traded so as to double those amounts. Farmers as well as Agents can handle these watches to advantage, as they can be readily exchanged for stock or goods. We send the watch free by registered mail, on receipt of $8.00. Or we will send it C. O. D. on receipt of $1.00 on account; the balance can be paid at the express office. We also have very fine Aluminum Gold Chains at $1.00 each. Beautiful Medallion Charms 50 cents. We have hundreds of testimonials but have room for only a few.

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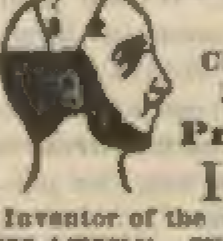

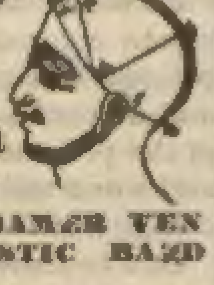

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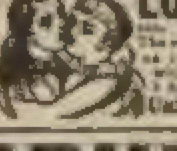

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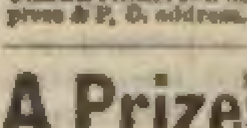

THIS SOLID GOLD BAND RING, warranted Solid Gold or money refunded; in an elegant velvet-lined casket, a case of samples of our Beautiful Cards, and our new illustrated Premium List w ahgt's terms, &c., all sent post-paid for 45c., 4 for $1.25. Offer made to secure new agents for 1884. We will print your name in new type on 50 Beauties, 50 all new Chromos, 10c. 11 packs for $1.00, and the above ring FREE to sender of club. New Sample Book 25c. post-paid. CAPITOL CARD CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

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Ladies' Department.

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IT appears that we are going to have a profusion of very small fine checked wool goods this Spring.

This will please the ladies who still affect an English style, for, for some reason or other, fine checks always have a certain British and sportsmanlike look.

However, the English mania in dress—in feminine dress—has run its course, and the reaction to a French style has grown quite marked.

Has not the celebrated lady who was the very incarnation of Britannia in her attire, who set the fashion of sheath-like Newmarkets, voluminous and wavy bangs and small knobs of hair on the nape of the neck, abjured all these signs and marks of the "English style," and may she not now be seen every night on the boards of some theatre in the most Parisian of Parisian gowns, and with her hair massed upon her head in the most "correct" Parisian mode of the moment?

Yes. Langtryism has been abandoned, not only by the originator thereof, but by the girl of the period, to a certain extent, also.

Checked wool skirts are to be worn not a little with plain bodices of cloth and vigogne, judging from some indications. The style is not of the newest—it was adopted in Paris last year.

An undress costume made for the Duchess de Chartres, is in this style, the skirt a black-and-white check, partaking of the nature of a plaid, and the bodice of iron gray vigogne, cut away slightly, and with a vest.

For the street a large wrap of gray vigogne is added, having a puffed square of velvet at the neck, which is close, with an old silver clasp.

The trimming is supplied by "appliques" of gray velvet fleur de lys.

Of course, when used in other fashions, checks will sometimes serve for the entire suit, and sometimes be mixed with plain goods.

We can affirm that combination will be as fashionable as ever.

But just how these mixtures of checks and plain fabrics will be carried into effect it is too early to be able to say with certainty.

In ginghams and seersuckers for the Summer, small checks will also be a favorite design, and will be preferred, probably, to the plaids, in general, it would appear at present, will not have the great popularity this spring which some people anticipated for them.

But doubtless they will be worn to quite a considerable extent, mixed with plain goods, for fatigue suits, by young ladies.

The changeable taffetas are very evidently called to great success. Some of them are appearing already.

One beautiful costume of garnet faille and changeable sapphire, blue and silver gray taffeta, with a colored leaf outlined in red, was imported for a bride.

The taffeta joins a wide, flat tablier, cut in Vandyck points, which fall over four or five tiny ruffings of garnet silk.

These points are edged and outlined with a little row of pendant red and blue silk balls.

There is a short garnet drapery, plaited into regular folds, which crosses the hips, and the back drapery consists of two plain breadths of faille, gathered into one puff only.

The bodice of plain faille is short and pointed in front and rather long behind, with the three back seams left open from a couple of inches below the waist, and the back pieces turned under to form loops, which are lined with the taffeta.

The front has on the right side of the fastening of hooks and eyes a pointed revers of taffeta, which is carried down to the waist line; and on the left a fall of the same ball fringe, which finishes the tablier, and which, appearing in this guise on the waist, is most effective.

This bodice altogether is novel and full of "chic."

The same high, straight officer's collar trims the neck that has been used for some time.

The sleeves are longer than those which we have been seeing and are finished simply with a frill of yellow lace.

A little visite of taffeta, with two rows of ball fringe for sole garniture, completes a charming costume.

One word here, in passing, with regard to two items which the trousseau of this same bride contains.

One is a scarlet silk jersey, trimmed around the neck, on the edge, sleeves and down the front with a combination. The other is a lovely wrapper of silver gray lady's cloth, with a Watteau plait, a close-fitting princesse front and a broad trimming of silver fox from throat to hem.

Stripes are to have a continuation of popularity in Spring. In woolen goods the "limousines rayees," so much favored by Parisians, will be used in conjunction with plain goods of the predominating color of the stripe.

These striped woolens show soft, rather faded blues, greens, India reds and grays, very pleasant to the eye.

The stripes are broad. Very broad stripes appear likewise in some of the new percales and batistes, with strongly contrasting colors in juxtaposition.

These goods will be made up with plain batiste, the strips serving for the skirt, revers and trimmings. One combination of this sort was shown us at a large establishment.

The skirt was of percale, striped dark blue and India red. The tablier was of dark blue bastiste, worked on the edge with red embroidery.

It was only at medium length and draped back to meet a couple of large loops and ends of the batiste, which formed the drapery.

The basque was short and round, of the plain batiste worked on the edge. The neck had a square bouffant chemisette of the striped goods.

Fine stripes mere pin lines, are also seen in the new washing goods. Entire costumes may be made of these, with the trimming of broad white embroidery, which will be as fashionable next Summer as for some seasons past.

Then there are more stripes among the new imported silks, rather fine stripes, covered with raised velvet flowers in some cases.

For the rest, however, large showy brocade designs remain the leading feature of the season—in satins, velvets, foulards, sateens and cheapest percales alike. The foulards have dark blue, green, brown, red and black grounds, like the sateens and much the same designs, huge and brilliant chrysanthemums being one very favorite pattern, shaded coleus leaves another. The light grounds, in cream, light porcelain blue, pink and buff, are, however, not abandoned on that account. White and cream colored satins embossed in large colored branching sprays of velvet leaves and flowers are among the great successes of the present season abroad the ball dresses and some marvellous efforts can be produced with these superb fabrics.

One brocade, unique and magnificent, has velvet birds in different hues raised on an ivory white satin ground.

Beautiful also is a ball dress of pink silk draped diagonally across the front with a deep valance of white lace, while another flounce edges the foot, and a "coquille" of lace on the left side is caught by a spray of pink roses and velvet foliage.

A full puff of silk flares panierwise under the short, blunt point of the low-necked bodice, adorned in front with a plastron of lace.

This bodice and the straight, plain train, from under the hem of which peeps an edging of lace, is of white satin brocaded in red and pink velvet hollyhocks, with shaded green velvet leaves.

While we are on this subject of evening dresses, we will put down these additional notes, direct from Paris:

Young lady's ball dress of pale pink tulle, skirt puffed and draped in airy clouds, low-necked bodice, garniture of hedge roses on the left shoulder, and more sprays of the same light blossoms thrown on the skirt; sash of pink moire knotted behind.

Toilet of pink ottoman, with train edged with feathers; front covered with flounces of Valenciennes, fine as cobweb; feather edging on the short sleeves, and square bodice, rather voluminous jabot of Valenciennes.

Toilet of white silk gauze and of striped pink-and-white satin, the white striped with corn-flowers.

This Pompadour satin, as it is called, forms the bodice, which is lengthened on the sides into redingote panels, skirt of gauze, front draped into bias folds; front of the bodice trimmed with jabot of gauze incrusted with seed pearls.

Fireside Chat.

A CHAT ABOUT QUILTS.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

A SIMPLE and pretty summer quilt is made of a large-sized linen sheet, worked in chain stitch with colored crewels, adding the feather stitch in its varied widths and patterns as a framework; a large monogram for the centre, and triangles in the corner.

The border is worked to match, and scalloped at the edge.

Washing materials are suitable for summer quilts—pique, marcella, or white long cloth, with a border of some bright-hued cretonne or plain sateen, either black or colored, worked in a light running pattern in Holbein work and cross-stitch, is much used.

A white fringe with a colored heading to hang slightly over the side.

These quilts are used to cover the marcella quilt in the daytime, and give a cheerful appearance to a bedroom.

A warmer description for winter use is made in serge or thin cloth, with fringe to match the embroidery.

The centre is generally worked in large stitch with good washing silks or crewels. Of course, any design may be substituted for the initials.

Thin silk covers with appliques of darned netting with the introduction of buttonhole and satin stitch in squares, with a wide bordering of lace, are very useful as ornaments on the elder down quilts, either small or large. They are fastened at the corners with small safety-pins, and are easily removed at night.

Another style is in stripes of Venetian work ecru or white holland, the alternate stripes being a band of the same material, embroidered in feather-stitch, herring-bone or Russian-stitch in washing-crewels, or colored flourishing cotton. The edge is worked to match the Venetian insertion.

Children's cot quilts are very pretty and amusing when made of white holland with etchings in Kate Greenaway's style with marking-ink. A broad hem, above which is a wreath of dancing children or grotesque birds, completes the quilt.

It is difficult to know where to stop in reviewing the numerous summer quilts, such as are displayed in our different exhibitions of needlework. Those in outline work and drawn linen recommend themselves as light, and, what is always essential, easily washed.

The drawn stripe should by no means be wider than the breadth of embroidery. The pattern is drawn for the outline work, which should be done with white on a colored linen, red or blue ingrain cotton on white. The drawn work should be first done, care being taken to keep the work very flat, as the appearance is entirely spoilt if at all puckered.

The outline work may be done in ordinary chain stitch, in which case the stitches should be evenly and closely worked. The borders may be fringed out or trimmed with a torchon lace.

Dark blue linen is very pretty worked in red ingrain cotton or white, according to fancy.

Large conventional flowers are favorite designs for these quilts, and have the advantage of being quickly worked, if not altogether so pretty as the copying of Nature.

Others are made in alternate squares of Turkey-red linen, or sateen, and guipure d'art. The lining is of dead gold twill cotton. The squares are neatly stitched together, and a full quilling of ribbon forms the edge of the quilt.

From the descriptions already given I think a sufficient number of ideas may be gathered and acted upon. So now we will discuss the subject of quilts for the humbler classes.

How gratefully has many a recipient of the charity blanket accepted the gift! but who that has witnessed the kindling of the eye and the smile of pleasure on beholding the same article gaily ornamented, would begrudge the little time and expense entailed?

The blankets are very inexpensive in themselves, and the material with which they are worked equally so, the success of the whole depending upon the taste of the worker.

The usual crewels are too fine to be effective; it is better, therefore, to use a coarser kind of wool, or the crewels four times doubled. The scalloped edges are worked in broad buttonhole stitch with a border of several rows of fancy patterns. The centres can also be ornamented with bouquets of flowers at intervals in tracery stitch. The quantity of work is not so important as the choice of telling designs.

Some of these "blanket quilts" are bordered with a broad band of cotton velvet in a good contrasting color, the edges of which are worked on the blanket with coarse gold-colored crewels in feather stitch or narrow yellow braid. If these bands are painted in some bright, natural flowers and foliage it will greatly add to the beauty of the quilt while offering excellent practice for the young artist.

Stripes of cretonne felled on the blanket are very pretty, and the material offers the most beautiful and quickly-worked way of producing a lively and good effect. The edges of the quilts should always be buttonholed, either straight or in scallops, which are perhaps preferable.

The value of these quilts is greatly enhanced by sheets of brown paper being tacked to the edges of a coarse, inexpensive red or grey flannel, which constitutes a capital lining.

Patchwork of pieces procurable at many shops, and sold by weight, is work that both old and young can do. These are greatly admired.

* * *

"JUST think. I once came across a negro that was actually so black that he could not be seen without a light!" "H'm! I saw a fellow one time who was so thin that he always had to enter a room twice before he could be noticed!"

Correspondence.

M. I. H.—The actress has never been married.

BELLA.—We regret that we know of nobody in the business in this city.

MRS. E. D.—The story is not and will not be published in book-form. Your suggestion will receive consideration.

J.—Pibroch signifies a strain of music or tune peculiar to a clan, by which its members are summoned, and to the strains of which they were formerly led by their chieftains to fights, or to which they danced at their festivities. The pibrochs are supposed to be of great antiquity.

E. L. V.—If a woman neglects the duties of her family and the care of her children—if she is less amiable as a wife or mother, because she has talents or acquirements, it would be far better if she were without them; and when she displays that she has more knowledge than her husband, she shows, at least, that no woman can have less sense than brains.

TWEEDLE.—The treatment of bunions consists in removing all pressure from the part. The formation of a bunion may, in the beginning, be prevented; but when formed it is scarcely possible to get rid of it. To prevent their formation it is necessary whenever and wherever a shoe or boot pinches, to have it eased at once. When the bunion is inflamed or painful, bathing with warm water will ease it.

FRANK.—Darwin in his "Descent of Man," has many kind things to say about animals. Social animals, he tells us, perform many little services for each other. Horses nibble and cows lick each other. Monkeys pick from each other thorns and burrs and parasites. Wolves and some other beasts of prey hunt in packs, and aid each other in attacking their victims. Pelicans fish in concert.

WALTER A.—Jane Shore was the wife of a goldsmith in Lombard Street; but King Edward IV. being enamored of her charms, drew her from her husband. On the death of Edward she lived with Lord Hastings, who was beheaded by order of Richard III., who also caused Jane Shore to be tried for witchcraft; she was accordingly sentenced to do public penance. She died in the reign of Henry VIII., in the extremity of poverty.

HELEN V.—The game of consequences may be played by any number of persons. Each must be supplied with a slip of paper about three inches wide and six inches long. Everyone first writes an adjective suitable to be applied to a gentleman. They then fold the paper over so that the word is not seen, and pass it on to their left-hand neighbor. Next all write a gentleman's name; an adjective suitable to be applied to a lady; a lady's name; the name of the place where they met; what she said to him; what he gave her; what she did with it; what the consequence was; and what the world said. The paper is folded down, and passed to the next person, after each question has been answered. When all are finished, each person reads aloud the contents of the paper they have in their hands.

READER.—St. Valentine was a priest of Rome, martyred in the third century; but he seems to have no connection with the practices to which his day has been given up. The original ceremony on St. Valentine's Day, both in England and Scotland was the drawing of a kind of lottery. An equal number of young men and maids meet together, each writes his or her name on separate papers, the maids draw the men's papers, and the men the maids, so that each young man thus has two sweethearts allotted to him, but he is supposed to stand by one whom he has drawn, rather than the one who has drawn him. Fortune having divided the company into couples, the valentines give balls and treats to their sweethearts, and wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport is supposed to end in marriage.

VIVETTE.—Violet is analogous to friendship, blue to love, as suggested by blue eyes and azure sky. A bunch of violets would therefore, tell a lady's suitor that friendship is all he has a right to expect. Yellow is paternity or maternity; it is the yellow ray of the spectrum which causes the germ to shoot. Red figures ambition; indigo, the spirit of rivalry; green the love of change, fickleness, but also work; orange, enthusiasm; white, unity, universality; black, favoritism, the influence exerted by an individual. Certain persons have the gift of fascinating all who approach them; and black, which absorbs all the rays of the spectrum, is the reverse of white, which combines them in one. Besides the seven primitive colors, gray indicates poverty; brown, prudery; pink, modesty; silver-gray (semi-white), feeble love; lilac (semi-violet), feeble friendship; pale pink, false shame.

BLUEBELL.—(1) King Arthur was a famous king of Britain, supposed to have lived at the time of the Saxon invasion, and to have died at Glastonbury in the year 542, from wounds received on the battle-field of Camlan. His true history has been much overlaid by tales of fiction. The usual residence of the king and his beautiful wife Guinevere was Carleon, on the Usk in Wales, where he lived surrounded by hundreds of knights and ladies. From his court knights went out to all countries to protect women, chastise oppressors, liberate the enchanted, enchain giants and malicious dwarfs, and engage in other chivalrous adventures. A popular tradition, long entertained among the Britons, was that Arthur wasn't dead, but had been carried off to be healed of his wounds in fairy-land, and that he would reappear to avenge his countrymen, and reinstate them in the sovereignty of Britain.

MAY.—(1.) The lotion is applied with the fingers once or twice a day. (2.) This is a surname; we cannot tell you its meaning. (3.) The signs of handkerchief flirtation are as follows:—Drawing across the lips: Desirous of getting acquainted. Drawing across the eyes: I am sorry. Taking by centre: You are too willing. Dropping: We will be friends. Twirling in both hands: Indifference. Drawing across the cheek: I love you. Drawing through the hands: I hate you. Letting it rest on left cheek: No. Twirling in left hand: I wish to get rid of you. Twirling in right hand: I love another. Folding it: I wish to speak to you. Over the shoulder: Follow me. Opposite corners in both hands: Wait for me. Drawing across the forehead: We are watched. Placing on right ear: You have changed. Placing on left ear: I have a message for you. Letting it remain on the eyes: You are cruel. Winding round forefinger: I am engaged. Winding round third finger: I am married.